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The Pacific.

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[For The Pacific.]

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

BY ALICE G. HOWARD.

Sweet little Linda sits out in the sun,
With dainty fingers stringing, one by one,
A chain of beads.
I watch the glimmer of her golden hair,
I note her cheeks with witching dimples fair,
And wonder.

O fairy maid, so free from care or fears,
No anxious thought for all the coming years,
Sweetly trusting,
What lessons bring you to our time-worn hearts?
What is the hope your innocence imparts?
I listen.

You gather sunbeams in your joyous play,
With which to frighten all our clouds away,
Dear Comforter!
So may we glean a store of gladsome cheer,
To give to those who find life's pathway drear,
In blessing.

Like beads upon your tiny silken chain,
God's mercies on his trusting children rain
In varied hues.
We string them one by one along the strand
Which binds our helplessness to God's own hand,
Day by day.

You tie a knot, and all your work is done,
And, smiling still, you sleep at set of sun
So peacefully!
O God, when all our work is finished, too,
And lovingly the knot is tied by you,
Accept us!

Berkeley.

THE CALL FOR MISSIONARIES.

Hiyeizan, (near Kyoto), Japan,
Aug. 10, 1889.

Editors Pacific: I am sure it will interest your readers to learn of the recent action of the American Board Missionaries in their annual meeting just held. The question under consideration was the marvelous openings in our work here and the best way to meet them. After mature deliberation it was decided to prepare and send a memorial to be presented to the Board at its annual meeting in New York City next October. It is hoped that the memorial will be the decisive call to many a young life, and that large reinforcements may be secured for the work in Japan. You will doubtless publish the memorial in full when it is presented to the public; till then a brief summary must suffice.

After calling attention to the fact that though it is only thirty years since missionary work was first begun in Japan, and twenty years since the American Board began its work here, it goes on to state that there are 30,000 Christians in Japan, of whom about 8,000 are in connection with the Board work. Owing in part, at least, to the high character of the Christians in this and other lands, the Government has this year removed all restrictions against Christianity, and now freedom in religion is a constitutional right of all; the people are now willing, and many even eager to hear. Beginning with next year, foreigners will have the right to live and work anywhere. This is a great privilege, which brings an equally great responsibility. The mission seeks first to adequately man its present field, especially eight cities, provincial capitals, centres of a population aggregating 7,000,000, nearly all of these cities being occupied by our churches, and with two exceptions, by *our* churches alone; of these eight, six are entirely destitute of foreign laborers.

Two classes of workers are called for: (1) Those who will work through English; they can begin at once in the schools, need not grapple with language, and yet will secure great spiritual results, as experience shows. (2) Those whose first work for some years will be the arduous study of the language, whose ultimate work will be direct evangelistic preaching and teaching in Japanese.

The American Board has done much in the past twenty years, but the reaping time is upon us. The hand that sowed should not be withheld when the reaping time comes. Japan should be made a special field, as the Sandwich Islands were sixty years ago. The Mission estimates its needs at the very moderate number of six families and six single ladies immediately, and seven families and three single ladies more within two years.

The memorial closes with the request that if these reinforcements cannot be sent out by the Board, whatever be the reason, the Board send to Japan a committee, the larger the better, to look over the field, and see whether we are asking what is excessive or not, and so bear with us the burden of the imperative needs of this nation, as it is just wakening to the gospel light.

Who will come over and help us? Are there not in California some to whom this appeal will be as the definite call to come to Japan? We pray that it may be so. And I would especially ask that if there are any who may perhaps be only asking themselves the question whether this call is to them or not, will not such communicate with us here on the field, either with myself or with any others of our Mission, for we shall be more than delighted to shed all the light we can on the question. Address,

Sidney L. Gulick,
Kumamoto, Japan.

FROM CHICAGO.

BY EVANGELIST K. A. BURNELL.

The 29th of last June settled the annexation question and Chicago is twenty miles north and south on the lake of lakes—Lake Michigan—and eight miles east and west, or something over 160 square miles of as good land upon which to build a city as the sun shines upon.

This seems a large statement to a modest resident of the hilled but charming city of San Francisco. After twenty years' intimacy with your city and thirty-three years detailed and minute contact with all of Chicago's life (possibly no man knows Chicago better) I can but feel that it is all in demand, not a "quarter section" too much. While our city government is far from being what it should be, it is a marvel to us all how good it is and how well we get on. With more than a million people we are doing better than we did thirty years ago, when we had less than 100,000. The thirty odd trunk railroad lines terminating here, the vast lake system with the ever-increasing steady growth, has every promise of London's population within three-score years. We have a grocer, whose establishment is said to be unequalled on earth, to whom at his desk yesterday I said: "How have you done this?" "Uninterrupted activity," he said, scarcely raising his eyes from the paper on which every word was carefully written. This man's delivery wagons are well said "to be everywhere," and like Postmaster-General Wanamaker (with whose intimacy I have long been honored) he might say: "I attend to detail."

The ten-storied auditorium building, 300 x 125 feet square with a 40 x 70 feet square tower (the latter 17 stories) is all a solid pile of Maine granite. The tower is ten feet higher than Bunker Hill monument. It is a charming hotel with more than a half thousand well lighted and ventilated rooms, every room a completeness for man's comfort, all perfectly fire-proof. This vast hotel with its detailed completeness and almost perfection, is wrapped around a music hall and opera house, with 6,000 sittings. I studied your Palace Hotel in its building and continually since (it is a marvel as a hotel) and have looked in upon hotels the world around; was a house builder and architect till I was 33 years of age, and, in some ways, I take to building as ducks take to water. From its deep laid foundations to its last stone, 230 feet high, I have for now almost three years watched every course of stone and stage of progress. The arched and highly ornamented dining-room is on the Lake Michigan front and ninth story. A dozen Italians were yesterday pushing the long-handled polishing stones most industriously over the inlaid and variegated marble and mosaic floor. I doubt if any dining-room on earth has similar completeness or as broad and inviting an outlook. The 40 x 70 feet square tower, in its seven stories above the principal roof, has ample tankage room for abounding water for all the hydraulic lifting of the dozen elevators, the one to the tower's top reaching 230 feet. It is a study and an inspiration to give thirty minutes to a walk from room to room, Wabash to Michigan avenue, 300 feet, ascending 240 8-inch steps to the tenth story and look out from that palatial dining-room upon the pure waters of our inland sea, return 300 feet to the Wabash front, ascend to the top of the tower and behold Chicago at your feet.

The busiest office (not a very large one) is The World's Exposition of 1892. Hope, expectation, determination, faith, success lines every face. No one has any doubt of the issue. E. F. Cragin has taught a large class of boys in Chicago Avenue (Moody's) Church a score of years, a man we feel in our Chicago Congregational Club. He surprised us all in being the executive force in organizing the late celebration of the Washington inaugural. The city has bestowed upon him an elaborate medal so complete every way as to be a fine work of art. This determined, indomitable Sunday-school teacher of perhaps two score summers (does not look over thirty years) is the fitting leader in this movement. Everybody says it must come to Chicago. "What everybody says must be true."

The ministers are in their pulpits and church life is assuming fair proportions. No pastor has been secured as yet for the New England Church. The best loved and oldest but one pastor in one church, Dr. E. P. Goodwin of the First Congregational, has stood by his guns all summer. He might well say (as a young pastor did say) "I do not fear the face of day, for the Ancient of Days is with me." How royal is such a man's example. Faithfully,

526 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Calumny is the worst of evils.

SOME MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

BY ELLEN E. GIVENS.

It may be that a few notes from the "Gem of the Mountains," as the Idahoans are fond of calling their Territory, will be of interest to the readers of The Pacific.

Hardly had the excitement attending the Constitutional Convention's long drawn out session at Boise died away before the capital city was invaded by another Convention whose members had no intention of prolonging their labors of love beyond a few days at most. The occasion of this gathering was the third Annual Convention of the Territorial W. C. T. U., an organization at present numbering twenty-four Unions, with a membership of over four hundred. Our Convention represented considerable work in the way of preparation. There was an immense amount of planning and contriving to secure delegates who could leave the children or "house and husband," and the Union of which the writer is a member elected, one after the other, nearly its whole available membership in trying to get a full delegation, and then our number was two short when we met at the depot in the dim, uncertain light of 4 o'clock, Thursday morning, August 29th. And even five of us, with a baby and various husbands to see us off, felt already as though it was no laughing matter, this starting off alone; for, if there had been a hundred of us, each woman would have felt alone, waiting for the train in the cold, dark station—actually going without the children and going to a Convention.

From Blackfoot to Boise was our route, and it meant first an hour's ride on the Utah Northern to Pocatello, a lively railroad town of two thousand inhabitants, with car shops and all the smoke and noise common to railroad towns. The train from the East over the Oregon Short Line was due here at 2:30 P. M., but we did not get off until 5 with the cheerful prospect before us of arriving at our destination at some unseasonable hour of the night. In these days of travel every one has heard more or less, generally less, of the great Snake River valley; but few have much idea of its extent or characteristics. Here it is not so much a valley as a broad plateau swung heavenward four thousand feet among the mountain peaks, and swept of all malarial ills by bracing winds.

Two hours ride from Pocatello and we cross the Snake river's rapid and treacherous current at American Falls, a picturesque spot in the midst of somber surroundings. The landscape has so few elements here that the vast plain, bare, rugged hills and wide expanse of sky each take on an impressive individuality, and when through this monotonous solitude the swift current whirls along, tearing madly at its rocky banks, the scene has a grandeur which does not belong to sylvan waterfalls; here over-arching trees narrow the horizon, and Nature makes herself merely pretty. If the primeval forests are to be classified as "Nature with her hair uncombed," this sternly desolate region is surely Nature in all the savage majesty of nakedness; bare earth and empty sky face each other in unbroken silence. At sunset the level plain and dark Buttes will be glorified by floods of crimson and orange light, the blossom of the day, and later there will be changing opalescent shades upon the bare hill, and every harsh outline will be softened and rounded into the semblance of green hills far away. When the vivifying influence of water is brought to bear on these wastes there will be spreading fields of alfalfa and clover and "cattle on a hundred hills," instead of the ubiquitous sage-brush.

Relying on the porter's solemn assurance that he will give us half an hour's grace before we have to change cars, we retire to our berths to be aroused several hours later by the conductor's cheerful announcement, "Next station is Nampa; be there in ten minutes." Ten minutes! Oh, Perfidy, thou hast a sable hue and takest tips most treacherously. For ten brief minutes five women and a baby plunge and scramble and finally emerge from the car, wild-eyed and utterly reckless as to bangs. An hour's ride over the narrow-gauge road from Nampa brings us to Boise station, where we take busses for the mile and a half ride to the city proper.

The first thing that attracts our notice in the city are the great, glistening water-wheels with bucket paddles, which raise water from the ditches to irrigate the yards of Boise. They keep up an incessant plash and roar not unlike the thunder of the surf, only far less penetrating. Our driver distributes us with alacrity, evidently glad to get so many women off his hands, and though it is the uncanny hour of 3 o'clock A. M., no one fails of a cordial welcome into the delightful hospitality of Boise's homes. It was my particular good fortune to be entertained in the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Moore, who, with their charming family, left nothing undone to make my stay pleasant.

Friday and Saturday were devoted to Convention work under the energetic leadership of Mrs. H. Skelton of California, who has mothered the W. C. T. U. work in Idaho for three years as National Organizer, and last year as our Territorial President also. There are about forty delegates in attendance, some having come long distances by stage to attend, and nearly all coming with the same testimony, "Our place is small, many of the people are indifferent, and church and temperance work all falls on a few." "What can we do to arouse interest in the work of reform?" Oh the pitiful, poor little churches of Idaho; here a handful, and there perhaps only one or two believers. Would that a great awakening of religious interest and spiritual life might sweep over the Territory and crowd our churches and leave our saloons empty. The interest and enthusiasm of the faithful did not grow cold, however, in the face of difficulties. The keynote of the Convention was reliance on God, and an earnest desire to build well for the future. The especial importance of mothers' meetings and children's work was urged. The W. C. T. U. mothers, at least, realize that they must take Dr. Holmes' wise advice and begin with the grandmothers and grandfathers of their great grandchildren. Papers were read and discussions held on the subjects of interest to temperance workers. At different times the Revs. Messrs. Skidmore, Gowan and Barton spoke good words of cheer and counsel to us. Sabbath morning the pastors of the city preached temperance sermons in their respective churches, and Sabbath evening a union meeting was held in the Methodist church, which was well attended. At this meeting Rev. J. H. Barton made a brave and eloquent plea that the Christian people of Boise take steps to root out the terrible evil of immorality which has been such a curse to their fair city. It is gratifying to note that public opinion sustained him, and much has since been done to destroy this evil that has so long defied the law.

Monday was the concluding day of the Convention. Among the reports of Unions the small but plucky Shoshone Union gave a splendid showing. During the year they have established a successful reading room, and then, not satisfied with working for the living, went to work for the dead. They raised funds and purchased and fenced land for a cemetery; but this latter work, they explained, was only one of their charities. The good sisters of the city entertained the delegates in the most delightful manner, and Monday evening gave them a pleasant reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Brown.

The next day until train time was largely given up to sight-seeing. Boise is proud, as she well may be, of her public school building and the Capitol. Our glimpses of the outlying country showed us a picturesque valley, abounding in fertile fields and large orchards bending under loads of fruit. Boise need yield the palm to no locality in the matter of finely flavored and handsomely colored fruit. There are many fine farms in the valley, all created by the wonderful power of water on the "sage-brush" lands. Water is to be the ruling good of Idaho whether taken as a beverage or applied to the desert plains. That the time will speedily come when all will realize this, is our earnest prayer.

Blackfoot, Idaho.

The great exposition of 1892 will be held in New York. That seem to be practically settled. The Mayor's committees, composed of the best and most widely-known men of the city, are taking in hand the question of plans most energetically, and with apparently good results already. They will have to work hard to be all ready. Buildings such as will be needed go up with marvelous rapidity, but they must be well thought out and accurately planned, if they are going to be permanent, as at least some of them ought to be.

Phineas T. Barnum's activity and energy at this period of his life are surprising even to the people who know him best. He is now in the 80th year of his age, was the editor of a paper sixty years ago, and is yet full of novel ideas. During his long career as a showman Barnum has always taken good care of his health.

On Sundays, when on the imperial yacht, Kaiser William officiates himself, the crew is drawn up on the quarter deck, and in front of a provisional altar, covered with the war ensign of the German navy, the Kaiser reads, in a loud voice, a sermon, and concludes the service with some Collects and the Lord's Prayer.

The Secretary of the Treasury has directed that the national flag shall fly over all public buildings every day in the year.

The Woman's Board

OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss Lucy M. Fay, 901 Sutter Street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. Cole, 572 Twelfth St. Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. H. E. Jewett, Foreign Secretary, Editress of Column, Vacaville, Cal.
Mrs. J. H. Warren, 1316 Mason St., San Francisco, and Mrs. I. E. Dwinell, 450 Plymouth avenue, Oakland, Home Secretaries.
All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S. F.

NOTICE.

The monthly meeting of the Woman's Board will be held in Plymouth church, San Francisco, on Wednesday, October 2d, at 2:30 P. M. It is hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Cary of Japan, with other missionaries, will be present; meeting of Executive Committee at 1:30 P. M.

FAREWELL SERVICES ON BOARD THE MORNING STAR.

BY MRS. I. E. DWINELL.

The *Morning Star*, our missionary ship, had been lying at Honolulu for several weeks after she was thoroughly repaired, when the *Australia*, which brought Mrs. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes and Mrs. Snelling, reached there. The ship had been waiting for an engineer as well as for the missionaries. He also came down on the *Australia*—a young Mr. Cuthbertson from Mendocino county, California.

When I saw the *Morning Star* I tried to use my eyes to some purpose, because I wanted to tell all the little girls and boys in California that I had seen *their ship*, and walked up and down her solitary deck. When you think of the *Morning Star* you must not imagine that she is like one of the magnificent steamers on the Liverpool and New York line, or even like some of the fine, comfortable ones that come into port at San Francisco. She is a small vessel of 400 tons, with four or five small staterooms and a large unfinished room for native girls, as they go from their island homes to the mission schools in Kusaie, Ponape or Ruk. The dining-room we should not consider large enough for an ordinary-sized family—hot and close. My heart went out in more tender, loving sympathy for those who were to be passengers on that ship for forty days than I had felt for them before. Some of us who went only to the nearest point in the Hawaiian Islands felt that we were pretty brave to undertake such a journey under the most favorable circumstances, and at the end, even in the beautiful little city of Honolulu, felt that we were a long distance from home; and now forty days *further* on for our missionaries! One of them to find a desolate home and the lonely grave of her dear husband, with plenty of work for the Lord. Everything that would seem attractive in a *worldly* point of view left behind. What would Lieutenant Wood say to such a sacrifice as this? I did not like to think that steam was denied to these tired missionaries. "The Lord's work *must* be done economically." The *Morning Star* is provided with an engine, but they only use it in going out or coming into port, or when they are in danger of being becalmed. Now, would it not be wise for the churches to make that mission more attractive? If we could have two steamers to ply between Micronesia and Honolulu every year, or even *one steamer* that would make the journey twice a year, then the missionaries could depend on receiving mail and supplies every six months, and they would not feel so far away. More missionaries would go, and more good be done.

When we arrived in Honolulu the *Morning Star* was anchored in the bay and Mrs. Logan was the first to discover and point her out. The next time we saw her she was hauled up to the wharf and we went on board to say farewell to the missionaries—our friends whom we had learned to love. The little ship was crowded with people—some Hawaiians, sturdy men and women with brown skins, the men dressed as ordinary workmen, the women almost universally in "holykus," or Mother Hubbard wrappers, which served as well for the street dress as for riding on horseback. They fasten them tightly around the ankle—riding astride—and then "go like the wind." Then there were the ubiquitous Chinamen, and many Americans who had come to express their interest in the matter. Some were there who had come to the Hawaiian Islands a long time ago as missionaries themselves. There were also two Gilbert Island girls who had been in Honolulu but were returning to their homes, and a Gilbert Island man who was going to help Mr. Walkup in his work there. Mrs. Cole joined the other missionaries at Honolulu; she was going to help Miss Palmer in the school at Ponape, and was sent out by the Woman's Board of the Pacific Islands.

When all were assembled on the *Morning Star*, on Thursday, the 1st of August, Mr. Emerson, one of the Hawaiian Board, commenced the farewell services by reading the ninety-first, which he called the traveler's psalm. Then we sang "Waft, waft ye winds the story." Mr. Westervelt offered a touching, fervent prayer. Then Mr. Dwinell spoke, afterward Mr. Forbes, who said they had been having farewell meetings clear across the continent, beginning in Canada and ending in Honolulu. They were gratified at the interest that had been shown them for their work's sake, etc., then Mr. Bingham, who is broken down in health and who for many years has only hoped that the Lord would spare him long enough to finish the translation of the Bible into the Gilbert Island language, said he longed to say come to the Micronesia islands, not to say farewell to those who go. Mr. Dehomey, the Gilbert Islander, made an address in the Hawaiian language. Father Smith, one of the old missionaries who went to the Sandwich Islands in 1833, offered prayer, which was closed by repeating the Lord's Prayer, each in his own language. The benediction was pronounced by Father Smith. Then we all separated—we to go to our quiet homes, they on their lonely way, following the setting sun.

We were glad to learn that the *Morning Star* carried a daily surprise for Mrs. Logan. Her friends in the East and in Honolulu prepared a surprise mail-bag for her. I believe it contained 180 letters. The Captain was requested to give her a letter every morning, and at the end of the journey she was to have one letter every day until the supply was exhausted—a poor substitute for fresh ones, but better than none.

FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.

Hard to get the best people of this part of our country to stop just now for anything but State-making, capital-locating and prohibition. Local talent, backed up by Rev. Sam Small, Col. Bain of Kentucky, Miss Lathrop of Chicago, and others, are doing their best to nail the prohibition plank into the new State Constitution. Many are confident it is already done. Col. Bain, in one of the most convincing addresses delivered since John B. Gough died, warned the people of Mitchell not to forget the insolent assertion of the National Protective League of Saloon-Keepers, that "Prohibition would not be passed in any State in the Union at present." A million dollars can easily be put in here in the next two weeks to buy provisions for families in the "burnt district," who must be helped or starve; to remove chattel and land mortgages on the property of the newcomer, etc.; so the case will be more certain when it is settled.

Nevertheless, the 140 churches of the South Dakota Association have managed to get in a three days' session of this young body, beginning Tuesday, September 10th. Long distances and short funds prevented the attendance of more than one-fourth of the churches.

Brethren in all the land would rejoice at the evidence that the churches here were looking well to the quality of the talent in their ministry, as furnished by the parts taken in the sessions. The Ladies' H. M. U. and W. B. M. I. set the ball rolling on Tuesday afternoon. They kept up separate meetings most of the time the Association was in session. A plan to unite next year is under consideration.

Rev. R. H. Battey, of Millbank, chose "The All-Sufficiency of Christ" (Heb. vii: 25) as the theme for the opening sermon. Rev. P. B. Fisk, of Faulkton, read an excellent and thoroughly evangelical paper on "The Book of Jonah." Rev. G. W. Shaw, of Ashton, took a very liberal view of "The Attitude of the Preacher Toward Current Thought." Rev. H. S. Mills, of Huron, ably punctuated "Things to be Emphasized in Congregationalism." Rev. David Beaton, President of Redfield College, presented a just and discriminating review of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." Prof. J. T. Shaw read a paper on the Y. P. S. C. E. Presidents Ward and Beaton gave encouraging reports of Yankton and Redfield Colleges. The outside work of the denomination had a generous share of the time of the meeting. Rev. A. N. Hitchcock ably represented the American Board; Dr. J. B. Clark, the A. H. M. S.; Dr. L. H. Cobb spoke for the A. C. U.; Dr. Roy and Rev. C. M. Shelton, the A. M. A; Dr. Eli Corwin, the Chicago Theological Seminary; Dr. W. A Duncan, the Congregational S. S. and P. S; Rev. T. Y. Gardner, the A. C. and E. S. Half-hour prayer-meetings opened every session after the first.

Eighteen new churches have been formed and three have died. A Year Book for to-day would contain the names of 140 South Dakota Congregational churches. Revivals have been the chief feature of the year's work, resulting in more than 500 hopeful conversions.

L. H. C.

HONGKONG—IV.

BY REV. C. R. HAGER.

A nearer view of the topography of the island might form an interesting theme, and a continuation of our walks about Hongkong will not only enhance our knowledge of the island and its properties, but will also impart to us much pleasure. We have already alluded to the Praya and the Queen's Road, which are the principal thoroughfares where business is done. These cannot be said to afford very much pleasure to the person of æsthetic tastes, since they are very much crowded with the Chinese. At the eastern end, however, there is an occasional view to be obtained, but it is as we ascend the Peak, and tread some of the roads that wind along the side of the hill, that the soul becomes refreshed with an inspiration that is truly uplifting. The fine spreading banyan trees that line the roads at times offer a pleasant shade and protection from the rays of an equatorial sun. Kennedy Road and Cane Road are perhaps the most interesting and pleasant.

Hongkong can be viewed from different points. As with the Peak, so with the walks along these roads, one never tires of the views which are seen. The hum of business never mars the quietness of these upper roads. All is peaceful, and it is only occasionally that a carriage is driven along, however not for the purpose of business, but principally for pleasure. The famous jinriksha is prohibited from coming higher up the hill than Queen's Road, and those who are not good pedestrians must avail themselves of the sedan, which is borne by two Chinese without noise. We might call these walks the noiseless streets, since seldom a harsh sound is heard upon them. New roads are constantly being built. One of the most recent bears the name of the former Governor of Hongkong—Bowen Road. It is one of the highest roads, and runs in a south-easterly direction until it reaches the summit of a hill. The whole island may be traversed in many different directions, and at four principal passes roads cross the mountain chain of the island from west to east.

If you are not yet wearied by the ascent to the Gardens, let us take a little longer journey, on the two roads above named, "Cane" and "Kennedy," with their extensions, and we shall see the whole of Victoria, both in Chinese and European dress. The journey, however, should be made in the afternoon, after the hour of four o'clock. It is a little too warm, or, as the English say, hot, to enjoy the walk when the sun stands in the zenith, and for this reason the walk perhaps should not be taken at the same time the Gardens are viewed.

We will first proceed toward the west, from the center of the city. This part of the street is called Cane road, and as we proceed westward we pass first the Italian convent with a number of European residences, all built somewhat after the same plan—two stories high, with verandas both below and above. Then comes the American Consul's residence. The national emblem, the American eagle, hangs proudly over the gateway of the entrance. This walk is an exceedingly delightful one, for on the hillside above you at various levels are the mansions of the wealthy, costing many thousands of dollars. A good house built on the hillside will probably not cost much less than twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, while the monthly rent of a house of four large rooms with kitchen and servants' apartments costs from sixty to seventy dollars, while every foot of land on this side of the island is exceedingly high. Along this road numerous banyan trees shade the street so that one need not always be exposed to the sun. As a general rule persons living in tropical Hongkong not only carry large Indian hats in summer, but seldom walk out without an umbrella. The latter is an indispensable article to the person going on the street. If it is not used to protect the body from the rain it serves to shield it from the sun, and we believe if this precaution were taken in some of American cities where frequent sunstrokes occur such cases would be very much diminished.

As we proceed westward in our walk we soon leave all the European houses on the right and a sea of Chinese houses spread out before us, even down to the water's edge. You look down upon the throngs that press their way through the streets in wonder and amazement. It is Chinese life lived out in a foreign city. The din and noise that rise from the streets below are all of the Mongolian character. On one side Nature leaves her granite rocks above you standing like sentinels to note the swift revolution of time, while here and there through much toil and perseverence dwellings have been erected and roads constructed. On the other from the depths below is heard the clangor of multitudes of Chinese as they engage is business or pursue their various vocations of pleasure. Every sound may be heard from the passing of jinrikshas to the noise which a firecracker makes. We have often stood above these 150,000 Chinese and soliloquized over their future condition, immersed in business and pleasure, living where the gospel may be heard every day and rejecting it as often. What an endless strife there is for money, and how much sin is concealed in this part of Chinatown known as Taiping Shan (Great Peace Mountain.)

But lest you become weary in looking so steadily at this great mass of human life, lift your eyes a little higher, and the Hongkong harbor is spread out before you. Count the merchant steamers as they lie at anchor, and you will find that there are from thirty-five to fifty steamers and perhaps thirty or forty sailing vessels, while the Chinese passage boats, cargo boats and sampans cannot be counted for their number. Then if there is any trouble in the political world quite a number of war vessels will be seen in the corner occupied by the navy.

And if you are not yet satisfied with the view, then look a little further and the Kowling Peninsula of three square miles will come into view. This Peninsula was first leased from the Chinese Government by the British, but at the Peking Convention, Oct. 24, 1880, it was ceded to the British Government. A number of European residences have been built, and the Hongkong Observatory occupies a prominent position on Mt. Elgin. The mountains come down to the water's edge, except where the peninsula is situated. But we pass on in our walk, and in so doing, the London Mission House, Berlin Foundling House, where some seventy or more Chinese waifs are cared for, the Diocean school, the Basel Mission House, Hongkong Civil Hospital, Insane Asylum, a hospital carried on exclusively by the Chinese, the Baxter girls' school, under the charge of three English young ladies, and the Church Mission House are all severally passed, and which, if we had time to visit, might enhance the pleasure of our walk.

But we have almost reached the limits of the city, yet beyond us is the opium farm where opium is prepared, the glass and rope factories, and numerous other buildings, while the gas factory is also found here, and if we should proceed far enough we would come to the Chinese graveyard, which is simply the barren hillside, and a few villas on the western slope of the island. If this road is taken, a more correct impression will be made on the mind than if Hongkong had been viewed from the lower streets.

In walking over Kennedy Road toward the eastern end of the city, the views will be equally delightful. Leaving the gardens, the train road to the peak will first be passed. This improvement is of recent date, for formerly everyone was obliged to ride in sedans, or walk up to the peak, but now the dwellers on the peak can ride up and down the mountain in cars drawn by engines. This entire road shows the eastern end of the town, and though there are no houses at our right, still those houses built below have very much more of pleasant aspect about them than Chinatown with its hubbub of noises.

It is a walk for pleasure when the eastern harbor may be viewed more perfectly than it could be from the western end. On our way the military commander's residence, with one of the Hongkong batteries, is passed. The entire distance from east to west of these two streets is probably some three or four miles, and yet the two or three hours spent in walking or riding over them will repay anyone who has the time at his command and wishes to see Hongkong. He will return with a more kindly feeling for Hongkong than that with which he sets out; for he has feasted his eyes on the beauty of nature and the splendor of man's achievements in constructing habitations for himself, and in surrounding himself with all that money can buy or produce. These serpentine roads along the hill exhibit the skill of man's inventive genius. Well has he been called "Lord of earth." Would that he might always remember to rule in righteousness and Christian love.

HONGKONG

MARCUS WHITMAN, M. D—XLI.

THE CATHOLICS. (3).

By the close of 1844, the Catholics claimed to have brought six thousand pagans in Oregon and British Columbia to the faith, had chosen an Archbishop, J. B. A. Brouillet, divided the country into three sees—those of Oregon City, Vancouver and Walla Walla—had appointed Rev. F. N. Blanchet Bishop of the latter, and were planning to move on the Indians east of the Cascade Mountains. The consecration of Bishop Blanchet, his journey to Europe in order to obtain more laborers and funds, and his return to Oregon, occupied more than two years and a half, so that it was not until September 5, 1847, that he arrived at Walla Walla. By this time, apparently, everything was in readiness for him.

Many of the Cayuses had been drawn to the Catholic faith. Mr. Hines says: "One half, including some prominent chiefs." Mr. A. McHinley, the friend of Dr. Whitman and a Protestant, had been removed from having charge of Fort Walla Walla, and Mr. William McBean, a strong Catholic, had been put in his place. Some have seen in this a plan of that company to murder or connive at the murder of Dr. Whitman. This, however, is not apparent to most people and believed only by very, very few. Still it is plain that while most of the leaders of that company were Protestants, yet they were quite willing, for at least two reasons, that the Catholics should have their protection and favors. One was that a large number of the employees were French Catholics, and they were willing that such should have their own priests. The other was a question of money. The Protestants of that company were mostly members of the Church of England, but having been long absent from almost every church their spiritual life was so dwarfed that most of them were willing to sacrifice their principles for money. The Protestant missionaries were Americans, and next to their love of God loved their country, and many of them were working so that Oregon should become a part of the United States. The Hudson's Bay Company did not wish this. They foresaw what has since occurred, that such action would destroy their business. No Protestant English missionaries came, and so the only missionaries who would favor the efforts of the company to secure the country for England, in order that it might be made over to them for a hunting and trapping region, were the Catholics; and these were willing to help the company in this respect, in return for their protection.

"The arrival of the Bishop of Walla Walla with his clergy at the Fort," says the Catholic historian, "was a thunderbolt to the Presbyterian ministers, specially to Dr. Whitman. He was wounded to the heart by it. He could not refrain from expressing his great dissatisfaction, saying he would do all in his power to thwart the Bishop."

The Bishop remained at Fort Walla Walla until the 27th of October, when he went to the Catholic camp of the Cayuses on the Umatilla river.

All that transpired while the Bishop remained at the Fort between the priests, Mr. McBean and the Indians will never be fully known. Bishop Brouillet says that the young chief, Tew-a-towe, when asked if he wished for a priest, replied that he did; he was then told that he could have one, only one for the whole nation. The question of location was then discussed. The young chief was willing to give him a house and land at his place on the Umatilla, but thought it would be better to have the Catholic mission near Dr. Whitman's. Ti-lau kait, the chief at Dr. Whitman's station, was then sent for, who offered to give the Bishop Dr. Whitman's station, but the Bishop replied that he would not have that, and so other land near by was promised. When the Bishop went to look at the land, Ti-lau-kait said that he had changed his mind and would give him no place but Dr. Whitman's. This the Bishop declined, left the place, and prepared to settle on the Umatilla about forty miles distant.

Dr. Whitman knew considerable of what was going on. In the presence of Miss L. Bewley, who was then staying at his house, he said: "Now I shall have trouble; these priests are coming." Mrs. Whitman asked, "Have the Indians let them have land?" He said, "I think they have." Mrs. Whitman then said, "It's a wonder they do not come and kill us."

In the presence of Daniel Young he said that the Catholics were evidently trying to set the Indians upon him, but he thought he could keep it down for another year, when he would be safe. Mr. Young supposed that he expected safety by means of Congress extending a government over the country.

Under date of October 18, 1847, the Doctor wrote to the Board: "I will not repeat what Mr. Rodgers has written about the Papists farther than that all are Jesuits, who are to labor among the Indians. * * * It will be well for you to know that from what we can learn their object will be to colonize around them. I cannot blame myself that the plan I laid down when I was in Boston [in 1843] was not carried out. If we could have had good families, say two or three together, to have placed in select spots among the Indians, the present crisis which I feared would not have come." Perhaps the reader will remember the earnest appeal which he made to the Board, in a letter which was published in THE PACIFIC of June 20, 1888.

Even two days before his death, while he and Mr. Spalding were riding to the Umatilla, they conversed on the danger which threatened them from the Catholic influence. Says Mr. Spalding: "We felt that the present sickness, [the raging of the measles and the deaths resulting therefrom] afforded them a favorable opportunity to excite the Indians to drive us from the country, and all the movements about us seemed to indicate that this would soon be attempted."

M. EELLS.

A CHEERFUL FACE.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows, into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express; and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy. Ah! there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth. It may be a very little face, but somehow this cheery face ever shines, and the shining is so bright the shadows cannot remain, and silently they creep away into dark corners. It may be a wrinkled face, but is all the dearer for that, and none the less cheerful. We linger near it and gaze tenderly upon it, and say: "God bless this dear, happy face! We must keep it with us as long as we can; for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone." And even after it is gone, how the remembrance of the cheerful face softens our way!—*Selected.*

Misfortunes are common to all.

Literary and Educational.

Our correspondent and the widely known and effective educator, Rev. George F. Magoun, D.D., has written "Asa Turner, a Home Missionary Patriarch and His Times," and the worthy book is published worthily by our Congregational and Sunday-School Publishing Society at Boston. It is dedicated most fitly to the Churches of Iowa. Rev. Dr. Clapp speaks hearty words of introduction. It is made interesting to the eye by pictures of the pioneers who were appointed with Mr. Turner in the evangelization of the West. It gives sketches and details of fact as to the services and character of those men who went forth in the two decades of 1830—1850 to follow the great columns of immigration from Illinois and Iowa. Here we will find, what we suspect many who know our Dr. Holbrook, for instance, are not aware of his early and late and so full enterprise in behalf of our Congregational Zion. In this story appear other names familiar to us in California, as Rev. A. L. Rankin, Dr. J. W. Clark, who used to be so useful in our churches, President Durant, Dr. Bushnell, Rev. A. A. Sturges, and allusions to what Father Turner said and did while making his visits to Santa Barbara in his later years. Then there is so much of fact as to Denmark Academy, Iowa College, the Congregational and the Presbyterian co-operation in the Home Missionary work, the and springing up at last of the laudble preference of some for the polity of the fathers, with so frequent glimpses into the personal characters of the people familiar and unfamiliar to us. All this gathers about the person of the staunch, genial, warm-hearted patriarch, who came from the same town in Massachussetts which sent the no less genial foreign missionary, William Goodell, into his long service at Constantinople. Both had such hearty cheer in God's work and were so contented in their Saviour's love and diffused so much of fraternal feeling wherever they went. Let the story which this volume contains never be lost out of the memories of the churches. Let us keep well in mind the roll of the Congregational worthies who through faith overcame the world. $1.50.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH, a tale of the Hugenots of Languedoc, by Grace Raymond Anson. D. F. Randolph & Co, New York. $1.50.

The scene of this story is laid principally in the Cevennes and the old city of Nismes. The period covered includes the ordinances with which Louis XIV. first infringed the liberties of his Huguenot subjects, as well as the final extinction of those rights in the Dragonnades, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The hero is a pastor's son, who, stimulated by the example of a martyred father, and the companionship of a noble mother, adopts the forbidden profession of medicine, and prosecutes his calling and keeps the faith through the gathering and breaking storm. His lofty ideas of duty prove too rigid for his betrothed, and she breaks with him to marry a Huguenot officer, whose attachment to the faith is political, not religious, and who attempts an ill fated resistance at the commencement of the Dragonnades. The failure of husband and wife to preserve this outward allegiance, when sorely pressed, is contrasted with the steadfast courage of those who have a vital hold upon the truth, while their final restoration, and the witness borne by the young girl in the convent, illustrate the power of divine grace to uplift and uphold.

OUR TOWN. Dedicated to all members of Y. P. S. C. E., by Margaret Sidney. D. Lothrop & Co, Boston. $1.25.

A tale intended to illustrate the workings of the association mentioned in the title, and the far-reaching possibilities for good which lie within it. What its methods are can best be told in the words which the author puts into the mouth of one of the characters of the book; "The Christian Endeavor Society furnishes practical methods by which work may be done by all who are young in the Christian life. Any one who turns toward the right is at once set to work. . . . "The first faint inclination toward a better life is met by a 'Come with us; here, do this,' and a piece of work whereby another is benefitted is put into his hand. It may be only to go to see some sick person, to write some letter of sympathy to a sorrowing heart, to call on delinquents who have dropped away from the prayer-meeting, urging their return; all very simple things to do, but as they are given to those new hands to perform they awaken a dignity and self-respect and a love for the cause. Nothing arouses a man or a woman to his or her better nature so quickly as to give them something to do for others."

ROSE AND THORN is in every way suited to the Sunday-school Library. Every page is interesting and instructive, and goes to show that in whatever position in life we are placed, or what deformities we suffer, with a contented mind we can find much happiness in life and make others happy also. The scene of the story is the Eastern seaboard. Published by Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, 1 Somerset street, Boston; 175 Wabash avenue, Chicago. Sold by Geo. C. McConnell, 735 Market street, San Francisco.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.—Proceedings Twenty-eighth International Convention Y. M. C. A, 1889—*Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for August.—Sixty-third Report of American Home Missionary Society, 1889, and Dr. Duryea's sermon, "Christianity's Mission For the Nation."—Fifteenth Report of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, San Francisco.—Annual Announcement of Courses of Instruction, University of California and Circular of the College of Letters and the Colleges of Science.—The Democrats have a handsome looking weekly review, published in New York City, called the *Saturday Globe*, at $2. a year. It has an English look typographically.—The ferment of many minds and the hostile attitude toward the Church, are seen in Hugh Pentecost's *Twentieth Century*, which he publishes and edits in New York.—Christian Socialism in Boston claims to be represented by *The Dawn*, edited by Rev. D. W. P. Bliss. —"History of the Presbytery of New Castle, from March 13 1717 to 1888." Vallandigham & Gayley, authors; Presbyterian Publishing Co., Philadelphia.—University of California, Reports of Examinations of Waters, Water Supply, etc., by E. W. Hilgard.

Nature has given to men one tongue but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.

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Home Circle.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I knew a man and his name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner;
Grumble Corner in Cross Patch town,
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this, he grumbled at that,
He growled at the dog, he growled at the cat,
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night;
And to grumble and growl was his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was never a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care,
And the ugly frown it used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head;
"But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner
Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him next day, and I met him again,
In melting weather and pouring rain,
When stocks were up and when stocks were down;
But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much; and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: 'Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear;
For he told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old-time drawl:
"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!"
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner,
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving street!"

Now, every day, as I move along
The streets so filled with a busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell;
And many a discontented mourner,
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving street.
—*New York Independent.*

HELEN CARTER'S LESSON.

"I don't know what to do," said Helen Carter to herself. She had been sitting by the window for the last half hour looking out into the street, but not apparently noticing anything that passed before her eyes. In her hand was a bit of pasteboard which entitled the bearer to one of the best seats in the Madison Theater, where the star actress of the season was playing, and the question in Helen's mind was should she use this ticket or not.

It was only a few months since she had given her heart to Christ and come out before the world as one of His professed followers. She remembered only too distinctly, as she sat here thinking, how much she had been wont to say, before her own conversion, about the inconsistencies of professing Christians. She had declared repeatedly that if ever she was a Christian she would be one; she would never try to serve both God and mammon.

It had never seemed to her in those days that a follower of Christ ought to be found in the theater or ball-room, but she did want so much to go to-night.

"It is a thoroughly first-class play," she said to herself. "That makes a difference. I would not think of going, for a minute, unless it were, and I would not make a practice of going even to the best very often; but there can't be any harm for once. Besides, I know ever so many church members who are going. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, Dr. Gale and his wife, Sue Archer, Mame Preston, and lots of others. They have been Christians for years; it would look rather funny for me, who have only just united with the church, to say that I thought it was wrong to do as they do. I wouldn't have bought a ticket, but as long as this was given to me I think I will use it. I shall probably never go again in my life."

And having come to this conclusion Helen arose and went about her morning duties, but she did not feel as happy as usual by any means. One of the first things she had planned to do that morning was to write a note to Daisy Prentiss, one of the girls in her Sabbath-school class, urging her to give her heart to Christ; but for some reason she did not feel like doing as she had intended.

"I do not believe it would do any good, even if I did write it," she thought; "she knows well enough what she ought to do, without my fussing to tell her."

Which was by no means the way Helen had felt about it only yesterday. Then she had longed so earnestly to have Daisy decide now, and prayed that God would put helpful words into her heart to speak.

"Helen," said her mother, presently, "won't you go down street on an errand for me?"

Helen assented promptly; perhaps she could forget some of her troublesome thoughts on the way. At the very first corner she met Marian Phelps. Helen admired Marian so much, she was so talented and beautiful, but she had often thought that she was far from being really happy, and ever since she had found Christ herself she had longed to have Marian know and love Him also.

"It is just what she wants to make her happy and take that restless, discontented look out of her eyes," she thought. "And she would make such a grand Christian, she is so earnest about everything. I don't know any girl that could be such a power for good as she could."

Once or twice she had ventured to say a few words to Marian about her new-found joy and her wish that she would seek the same for herself. But Marian had always turned the subject without saying much one way or the other, and Helen had a feeling that she was watching her closely. They had gone only a few steps when they met Sue Archer.

"Isn't it just lovely to-day!" she said. "I didn't know what to do with myself in the house, so I came out for a walk. O, Helen! Mrs. Grant told me she sent you an extra ticket she had for to-night; isn't it splendid?"

Helen's face crimsoned. Why need Sue have said anything about it before Marian? Marian herself turned with a look of grave surprise.

"You are not going, are you, Helen?" she asked, and there was a wistful tone in her voice, Helen fancied.

"I had not really decided," she said hesitatingly.

"Of course you will," spoke up Sue promptly. "It's the best thing there'll be this season. You are going yourself, aren't you, Marian?"

"O yes, but I'm one of the world's people anyway, you know," replied Marian, and this time there was a ring of bitterness in her voice.

Their ways separated just there. Helen did her errands and went home as uncomfortable in mind as ever she remembered being in all her life.

"I don't see why she need feel so about me," she said impatiently to herself as she put away her things. "There will be plenty of other church members there. I should like to know why I am expected to be different from others."

But even with the words on her lips her eyes fell on her open Bible on the stand—open to that last chapter of John; and mechanically she read first the threefold query and command, and then his questioning what should be the duty of another: "Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry until I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." Helen turned and went back to her seat by the window; she had been answered as well as the disciple of old.

What was it to her what Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, Dr. Gale, Mame Preston, or any other professing Christian did? She had not promised to follow them, but Christ. She had promised to come out from the world—to be one of a "peculiar people." She was expected to show forth the praises of Him who had called her from darkness into His marvelous light. And she had dared to think of doing that which might weaken her influence, which might even lead another astray. O, how could she?

"I am going right over to Marian's this minute," she said impulsively. "If I had any influence I have probably lost it now, but I will tell her that I am sorry for hesitating even a minute."

Marian's greeting showed plainly her surprise at this unexpected call, and was not quite so cordial as usual; but Helen paid little heed to that.

"O, Marian, I am so ashamed," she said directly; "I wouldn't go to-night for anything in the wide world, because I see now that my Master would not want me there, and, Marian, I do love him truly, after all. I don't see how I could have thought for an instant of doing anything to grieve him, or bring dishonor to his cause, but I am sorry enough now, and O, I do want you to love and follow him too; won't you?"

Helen's eyes were full to overflowing, and Marian's also, as she put out her hand.

"I am not sure but I shall now, Helen," she said, "but five minutes ago I had given up all thoughts of it. You see I had watched you so closely, and said if you were true, and proved to me that there was really a difference between professing Christians and others, I would follow also; if there wasn't any difference I might as well stay as I was. It seemed to me as if you were really in earnest and felt all that you professed you couldn't be just like us. I thought if you really cared for better, higher things you wouldn't for these, and I was so disappointed this morning! But now, if you will help me, I will try to."

"I have learned a lesson to-day," said Helen to her mother that night, "and it is that, no matter what any one else does, I must follow only Christ."—*Kate Sumner Gates, in Our Youth.*

A REMEDY FOR MOSQUITOES.

I haven't a mosquito-bar nor a screen-door about my house, and yet there are seldom any flies and never any mosquitoes about it. I learned the secret of successful warfare against these pests when living in the swamps of Louisiana, where, summer or winter, mosquitoes swarm. For some years life was unendurable, and no meal could be eaten in peace. But all at once there was a change for the better; bars and screens were often out of place, but there was almost an immunity from insects. I was bathing at the time, and had just changed my colored boy. The newcomer explained to me how to keep the "critters" away. He burnt small pieces of gum camphor on the cook-stove and used a secret preparation he called "sudeillo." When I got married and came to Missouri I imparted the secret to my wife, and, as there is no patent on it that I know of, I would advise all fellow sufferers to go and do likewise. The gum camphor alone is ample for the purpose, and need only to be used two or three times a day.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

FARMER BELL.

Farmer Bell did not believe in mental or moral sugar plums in his own family circle. He was quite willing to commend friend or acquaintance, but he had a theory that his own family would be best improved by a Spartan discipline. The children must learn to do their duty without praise; and as for his wife, she had toiled for fifteen years without having once been told that she was a satisfactory housekeeper.

One night the two came home from a tea-party at a neighbor's house, and Mrs. Bell, with the courage of the meek, said:

"Ezra, seems to me I heard you praisin' the mottoes the Smith girls worked."

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Bell. "Real pretty they were for such nonsense."

"Your own girls have made some just like 'em. You'd better praise them. It'll tickle 'em to death. And didn't I hear you say that squash pie for supper was powerful nice?"

"Well, Miranda, 'twas a good pie."

"Was it a mite better'n mine, Ezra?"

"Well, no can't say as 'twas."

"When have you ever said one word to praise a pie or cake I've set afore you?"

"Maybe I ain't praised ye much, Miranda, but then I ain't complained."

"Yes you have," said Miranda. "Yes, you have! Sayin' nothin's complainin' sometimes. It's just like pushin' a heavy load up hill, besides what ye have agreed to carry, to go along day after day an' not hear a word o' praise."

Ezra began to think, and although he by no means changed his spots entirely, he did from that time try to act on the theory that "women folks" are fond of commendation.—*Selected.*

WHAT ONIONS ARE HERE FOR.

When I see a person habitually refuse onions at the table from fastidiousness about their smell, I am sorry for her and for the camel that is doomed to be swallowed by the one who strains at a gnat. That this vegetable is naturally relishing is shown in the constant use made of it in soups, chowders, meat-dressings and compotes. If any do not like onions, it will pay to cultivate the taste. In several countries of Europe, onions with bread form a staple diet for the laboring people, the two articles being a match in strength-giving qualities. Their virtues as a disinfectant among the waste tissues of inner man, are too obvious to need more than a mention. An all-round argument lies in the facts that Americans are the most nervous of nations, and onions the best of nerve food. Allowing celery as a nervine all the credit claimed for it, yet for cheapness and for being conveniently to be had at all seasons, onions have much the advantage. Raw beef steak and onions chopped almost to a pulp and spread in sandwich fashion on slices of diet bread, make an ideal food for convalescents and for any one in feeble health.—*The Sturdy Oak.*

SALT FOR MOTHS.

For moths salt is the best exterminator. The nuns in one of the hospital convents having tried everything else without success, and their experience is valuable, as they have so much clothing of the sick who go there, and strangers, when dying there, often leave clothing, etc. They had a room full of feathers which were sent there for pillow making, and they were in despair, as they could not exterminate the moths, until they were advised to use common salt. They sprinkled it around, and in a week or ten days were altogether rid of the moths. They are never troubled now. In heavy velvet carpets, sweeping them with salt cleans and keeps them from moths, as particles of the salt remain in the carpets and corners. Salt is not hurtful to any one and has no bad smell. Here is a little hint I add, which, perhaps every one does not know: For cleaning wash-basins, baths, etc, use the same thing, common dry salt. Rub a little of the salt with your fingers on the basin. Often a sort of scum is noticed in the basins in a marble wash-stand, in the bath-room; the salt takes it off easily, and leaves the basin shining and clean. —*Philadelphia Press.*

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE ON SLEEP.

"The most singular case of insomnia of which I ever heard," said a physician, "is that of a friend of mine in a neighboring town, a lady of middle age. With the exception of her peculiar insomnia, she is in robust health. She is an uncommonly sound sleeper in the 'dark of the moon,' but as the new moon approaches its first quarter she is attacked with wakefulness. She can sleep only at long intervals during the night, and only a few minutes at a time. The sleeplessness increases with the fulling of the moon's and by the time that stage in the moon course is reached she is unable to obtain even the slightest slumber. She remains in a state of utter wakefulness until the moon begins to wane, when she gradually grows sleepy again, and is able to sleep longer and sounder as the moon dissappears. When the period of dark moon has arrived she resumes her unbroken slumber. This condition has prevailed for more than ten years."—*New York Sun.*

At Cape Cod 40,000 terns have been killed in one season by an agent of the hat trade, the birds being used for decorating female head-gear. This is refined cruelty. In the matter of fashion the ladies should turn over a new leaf, and substitute the flowers that bloom—all the year round.

Household.

Nice table-cloths and napkins should not be allowed to become so soiled that they will require vigorous rubbing with soap or hot water.

Paint stains that are dry and old may be removed from cotton and woolen goods with chloroform. First cover the spots with olive oil or butter.

For a good tooth powder mix together 1 ounce of powdered orris root, 1 drachm gum camphor, 2 drachms of powdered myrrh, half ounce prepared chalk.

Do not waste your time scouring bread pans; bread never bakes as well in a bright tin. Indeed, the best bread pans, if one can have them made, are of Russia iron.

Turpentine mixed with carbolic acid and kept in open vessels about the room will, it is said, greatly lessen the risk of contagion in scarlet fever, diphtheria and kindred diseases.

For a cough, boil 1 ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water; strain and add a little honey, 1 ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons. Mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

OYSTER CRACKERS—Take two ounces of butter, a small salt spoon of salt, one-half pound of flour, and wet them with milk, using just sufficient to mould them together. Beat the dough thus formed with the rolling-pin for fifteen minutes, and then roll it out thin and cut with an oyster-cracker cutter.

EGG SANDWICH—When you are tired of plain boiled or fried eggs try this way of serving them for breakfast. Butter a pie-plate, and cover the bottom with fine bread crumbs; then break enough eggs for your family, and drop them on the plate, and cover with a layer of bread crumbs; sprinkle pepper and salt over this, and put some little lumps of butter over it. Bake in a quick oven for five minutes.

CABBAGE PICKLE—Pull off the loose leaves, slice from top of head across the cabbage in slices about half an inch in thickness; place in a stone jar, sprinkle well with salt, let stand twenty-four hours. To a gallon of vinegar add an ounce of mace, an ounce of whole black pepper and a little mustard seed. Drain the cabbage, scald the vinegar and spices together, and pour over the cabbage, repeating the scalding two or three times, then cover the jar tightly. If purple cabbage is used the pickle will be a handsome red color, and very ornamental to the table.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE—Mix with the yolks of four eggs a quarter of a pound of granulated sugar, and add to this half a pint of new milk. Put it over the fire till it begins to thicken like custard, then add half a pint of very stiff jelly made from gelatine. Strain it through a napkin; put in a pan on the ice a pint of very rich cream, flavored to taste, and whip it till it looks like float; pour the cream into another dish, and put the custard in the pan on the ice; stir it with a wooden spoon until it becomes thick like jelly; then add the cream very lightly. The mixture should look like light sponge cake before it is baked. Line a pan or mould with lady-fingers, pour the Charlotte in it, and place it on the ice till wanted.

AN APPLE DESSERT—Pare and core enough large sweet apples to cover the bottom of a large porcelain preserving kettle. Put in only boiling water enough to cover the bottom of the kettle well. Cover closely, and simmer till the apples are cooked. Try them with a straw to see if they are soft to the core. Add a little more boiling water as it boils away, if necessary. Then remove the apples, without breaking, to a large glass dish; pile them up in pyramid form. Add sugar and the juice of a lemon to the syrup in the kettle, boil it three minutes, and pour it over the apples when partly cold. Then whip the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten, and spread thickly over the apples, and over all scatter the lemon peel, cut off very thin and finely shredded.

SWEET PICKLES—Over firm, sound peaches that are not too ripe pour boiling water to loosen the skin. Not to blacken the fruit peel with a silver knife. In a porcelain kettle boil half a gallon of cider vinegar, three pounds best brown sugar and one ounce cinnamon—or in this proportion. After skimming and cooking fifteen minutes drop the fruit into the syrup for a few minutes, taking care to skim it into cans before it breaks. Fill the cans with syrup and screw on the covers tight. These pickled peaches keep a year, and more. Ripe, hard, sweet apples are equal to peaches for pickling. They should be peeled, and the stems left on. When cooked so that a straw will pass through them easily, skim into a jar. When all are cooked pour the syrup over them, which should cover the fruit. Turn a plate over them, and cover and tie up the jar. Grapes need not be cooked. Let them be fresh from the vines, pick them carefully from the stems into a jar. For six pounds use one quart vinegar, three and a half pounds sugar, a little stick cinnamon and a few cloves. Boil the syrup ten minutes, and when it is lukewarm pour over the grapes, and cover in the same manner as the apples. This keeps long.

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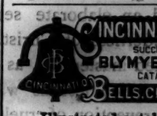

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1889.

Our readers will note a new feature in our paper this week, viz., notes on the prayer-meeting topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, by Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams. Our brother will continue to prepare the notes for some time to come. We are sure they will be found very useful to the large number of members of these societies on our coast.

It is delightful to read of the revival at Aintab, in Turkey, and the gathering in of two or three hundred new members into the churches. What else than such gracious visitations can stir to life those old communities slumbering in the formalism and ignorance of centuries? And yet, when this breath of God does come with power, how fresh, sweet and wholesome is the air! Old things are passed away, and all things become new.

Rev. J. H. Parker, brother of Mrs. D. F. Watkins of Mexico City, has the stir of a pioneer, and has just shown it by organizing a Congregational church in Guthrie, Oklahoma, of about thirty members. He can organize in three other towns. But he wants money, and we hope all over the country, as well as in California, the churches are going to give so liberally and speedily that we can do some new work and press the forward column. We hope your church has got to meditating over that circular of the Executive Committee. Devise liberal things.

We heard it again—that statement which always seems like a volume of Christian evidences. She was a slight woman, with a retiring, gentle manner. She had just come from Siam, some five hundred miles inland. She spoke of how hard it was to leave the family and other friends seven years before; of how repellant the natives appeared when she first realized that she had left the fair world of Christian society behind her, and must be at home, perhaps alone, with this alien life. How the heart may for the moment sink, as it finds itself down in the heathen abysses! Seven years have gone, and now it was sadder to leave those dark-skinned men and women and the loved work of Christian training and care among them, in order to come home for a season, than it was to leave home at first.

We have passed over into the season of the longer nights, and must content ourselves for a half year to be more in the shadow than in the sunshine. One of the lessons of astronomical changes is to learn from them how to submit to the inevitable, and how numerous and various are the unavoidable things that circumvent us, tarry where we may. Had we no power of adaptation the rock, iron and general hardness and stubbornness of our environment would rub and gall and bruise us, if they did not break and crush us. But we are not like sea-waves, doomed to hurl ourselves with dash and foam against encircling walls of rock. We are able to climb the environment, and sit serene above the flood. We can turn our nights into day, and make our dark hours luminous with the light streaming down the ages of learning, or with the "light that never was on land or sea," or with the fulness of that supernal light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Be it ours, this very month, to begin anew the adaptation of ourselves to the changed season and the autumn of the year, to the rounding out of the work of the year, the full accomplishment of every task, and to those readings and studies without which we go empty-headed and wrong-headed toward the experiences of life and the destinations of being.

One day last week the Hon. M. D. Boruck addressed an assemblage at the State Fair in Sacramento, on the "Life of the Plow." It was a fairly conceived and well-composed address on the story of the plows used in various times and countries. He began the address, however, without felicity. He quoted from the Bible the statement that "Cain was a tiller of the soil" (a mistake, it should be "*ground*,"), and made some "smart' remarks about the matter. Then he spoke of the Bible as "that wonderful compilation of history, poetry comfort, and fable, which we call the Scriptures." Now, it may be that Mr. Boruck did not say exactly this, and has been mis-reported. We hope he did not say these very words; but it looks as though he did, and we shall assume that he did. Had Mr. Boruck spoken of the Bible as "that wonderful compilation (we do not now stop to object to the word 'compilation') of history, poetry, prophecy, and external truth, which we call the Scriptures," he would have finished his sentence in the same strain in which he began it, and would have said a sensible thing. But to come down from the loftiness of "history and poetry" to the level of "comfort and fable"—that is, rhetorically, to make the sentence fizzle; and, materially, to substitute padding for sense. Evidently this gentleman isn't qualified to preach. He takes a text and then (possibly without knowing it) disparages the authority of the very book whose trustworthiness alone renders his quotations of any substantial value.

It is the habit of some, in order to make our American workmen content with their wages and their situation as a whole, to tell our wage-workers how much better off they are than the wage-workers of Europe in general, and of those in similar employments in particular. Perhaps all that is said about the differences in situation and reward is true, though it may be but relatively so, and not absolutely so. The cost of living is really less abroad, and the style of living is less exacting, and the regularity of payment is better, and the prospect of permanence is brighter in most callings in the Old World, where the spirit of change is not so rife. But what we wished particularly to say was this: that by so much and such extravagant praising of the condition of laborers in America, we are misleading European laborers, making them discontented at home, inducing them to migrate, frequently to their disappointment and to the embarrassment of our own laborers, by the creating of new competitions and the further crowding of the labor market in our own land. If we wish to make our wage-workers content, we must show them that they are not only well off in the comparison, but that they are receiving the just reward of their toil, which is as high wages as the business can pay, while giving all the labor involved a fair reward, and all the capital employed a return equal to the current rate of interest in the State at large.

"Be of Good Cheer, With Other Sermons of Encouragement," is the title of a volume of sixteen sermons by Rev. Prof. Geo. Mooar, published by Cubery & Co., San Francisco. In an introductory note Dr. Mooar says: "These sermons, solicited for publication by members of my latest pastoral charge, have been selected under the guidance of a suggestion made by a former parishioner and friend, who, several years ago, remarked: 'My experience leads me to think that most people in our churches need a great deal of encouragement.'" Dr. Mooar has often been importuned by friends and hearers, who knew his spirituality, clearness and strength of thought, and his felicity and beauty of expression, to permit the publication of volumes of his sermons, but until now he has refused. We are glad this volume has been issued, and we hope it will be followed by others. These sermons are saturated with the Bible, and are full of illustraion. They are upon some of the grandest and most important themes, which are made plain to the understanding of the simplest. An excellent likeness of the author graces the opening page. Copies of this volume can be obtained at this office. Price, $1.25, including postage.

A distinguished clergyman of England has recently preached an elaborate sermon on the "Tenderness of Christ." That theme was treated masterfully, as a whole. One of its applied lessons was directed toward the prevention of cruelty to animals; and this terminated in a denunciation of the practice of what is known a vivisection. This seems to us a *non sequitur*. It is wrong to be cruel, maliciously or needlessly cruel, even to animals. No man with the mind of Christ doubts the truth of this statement. But does this necessarily forbid vivisection, when it is done for a humane purpose, and with as little pain as possible? We think not. For, suppose that the animal to undergo vivisection were to be in every instance a savage, dangerous poisonous, animal, that was to be exterminated, anyhow, and as soon as practicable, would vivisection then seem so very aggravating and objectionable? But, apart from its relations to human welfare, the savage and dangerous animal has just as good a right, if any, to life and exemption from pain, as has the innocent and domestic animal. The truth is, no animal has any such a right to life and freedom from hardship and pain, as man has; else we should have no right to make him a beast of burden, even. Animals were made for man. Their reason for living is for service to man. Man may exterminate the animal that becomes a nuisance; though he ought to do it with as little pain as possible. And if the life of a man can be saved by the sacrifice of the life of an animal, even by vivisection, and in no other way, then let vivisection occur—as benevolently, as kindly, as it possibly can.

The shadow of a great rock in a weary land is so pleasant in the Orient as to be used in Scripture as a symbol of the goodness of God. But to dwell under the shadow of a great rock in the midst of a city in the high latitudes of the north proves a different thing. The wondrous rock-fortress and upper city of Quebec has long been famed, even sadly so, in American history; for there armies have fought, and brave generals have lost their lives. Around that upper city, at the base of the beetling rock, along the narrow strip of land between rock and river had grown up a part of the lower city. Last week a portion of the rock cleaved off and plunged down upon the dwellings below, crushing them in as if they were egg-shells, killing forty or more people outright, and injuring, more or less severely, as many more. The wonder is that any of the inhabitants escaped at all, yet it seems that nearly one-half of those who were in the lower stories were so protected by timbers and walls as not to be caught and crushed under heavy weights, and were only imprisoned for hours or days. Other sections of the cliff may fall at any time, and it now looks as if that particular part of the lower city might have to be abandoned as a location for homes. The necessities of traffic and the demands of business are not so urgent as to call for the exposure of the lives of families to a peril now shown to be imminent. The low parts of all cities are dangerous, but usually they swarm from beneath, and do not crumble from above.

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

At a special meeting of the Utah Congregational Association, September 7th, the undersigned were appointed a committee to express the feeling of the members of the Association on learning of the death of one of their members, the Rev. William H. Bonnell, pastor of the church in Pocotello, Idaho.

He passed away after an illness of only three days, on Friday, August 30th, when on his return from the Yellowstone Park, and was buried on the spot where he fell asleep, under a pine tree on the bank of the South Fork of the Madison river.

During the few months of his fellowship with us he had won our affection and confidence to an uncommon degree. Geniality and unselfishness, reverence and fidelity, were written on his face; but only those who knew him intimately could know the full worth of his character. As preacher and pastor he was manly and direct, sympathetic and practical. His short ministry was crowned with success. In his pathetic yet triumphant death we both sorrow and rejoice. Upon the young wife, so early called to the sacred sorrows of widowhood, we invoke the comforts of a living faith.

Reminded by the early and sudden death of this beloved brother that our time is always ready, we gird up our loins anew for the journey that lies before us.

J. BRAINERD THRALL,
WINFIELD S. HAWKES, Com.
Salt Lake City, Sept. 10, 1889.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Notes on the Prayer-Meeting Topic.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

The prayer-meeting topic for the week beginning October 6, 1889, is "The Way of Life" (Ps. i: 1–6; ii: 12; v: 8.)

The way of life is a way of happiness. "Blessed," or happy, "is the man" found walking in this way. The way suggests:

I. Voluntary separation. We are to recognize ourselves as in the midst of an enticing and alluring world, with influences all around to seduce us from allegiance to our King. We separate ourselves from sinful ways; slaves to no proud scorn; companions to the good and the best; unfettered and free, servants only to God and truth. One denial of self one victory over sin "helps us some other to win." One virtue leads to some other and brighter virtue. (Ps. xxxvii: 12; II Cor. vi: 17, 18; I Thess. v: 5, 6.)

2. Cheerful inquiry. (Ps. i: 2.) Impartial inquiry and reverential meditation are as indispensable to the Christian as life and experience. Encourage all aspirations after God and truth and never drown an honest inquiry as spurious. The ocean attracts the sailor; the infinite, the poet; the divine, the thoughtful believer. The illumination of our civilization emanates from "His Law." In it we have a direct revelation from God and of God, hence the believer's "delight." (Ps. cxix: 97, 103-105.)

3. Permanent attractiveness. He shall not be like a column of sand, supported by the desert wind, which immediately resolves itself into its own atoms when the wind ceases to blow. "He shall be like a tree *planted*." He "bringeth forth fruit in his *season*." This is more than the pleasing task of calling on others to do good, it is personally doing for God and Christ. If works are the fruit then the leaves are our words. Should the fruit be in danger of not being ready in "season," or in any way interfered with by an unnatural growth of leaves, then let us have fewer leaves. Perhaps exposing the "fruit" a little more to the Sun of Righteousness may add to its beauty and flavor. Punctuality and publicity add to our Christian character. (Gal. v: 22, 23; John xv: 8.)

4. Pleasing adornment. "His leaf also shall not wither." Christian graces are always beautiful and attractive. This adornment consists not in the predominance of a single quality or feeling; but in the just balance and harmony of all. (Ps. xc: 17.)

5. Abiding trust. No enthusiasm will last long that is not based upon individual and affectionate trust in God—no unreasoning frown will repress it, no sarcastic sneers will shake it. If our enthusiasm comes from following the enthusiasm of others, it will go with the coldness of others. Our trust in Him must be nurtured or our whole life flags and droops. Leave to the future its secret, and trust in God. He is as dew to the soul scorched with sorrow and as a sun to the face flooded with tears. (Ps. ii: 10; Isa. xliii: 2.)

6. Abundant prosperity. "Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." He does his task without a murmur; he discharges his duty without a frown. He does more than develop a good feeling, he seeks intellectual advancement, secures the betterment of practical life, and everything he does is honored with success.

Where shall the "ungodly" and "sinner" appear? No one can hide from judgment. The Lord is as faithful to warn as He is willing to bless. He is ready and waiting to save. (Rev. ii: 29)

Tulare.

FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

If there is any one trait or attribute of character more than another given a leading place in the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ, it is that of love. The fruits of this are tolerance and unselfishness in the broadest sense. Unselfishness is the basis of politeness—in other words, good manners Those who go as ministers and delegates to the stated annual meetings of the various religious bodies should take their good manners with them as well as their sermons and essays; ministers particularly should set a good example in this respect, if they would have the influence upon humanity which they ought. Boorishness and uncivility are not particularly effective as means of grace. As a business qualification, common courtesy is of untold value; how much more so in winning souls for the Master! While, as a rule, kindly Christian courtesy prevails among ministers, especially among those of the same denomination, yet occasionally flagrant violations are witnessed. Here is a case in point: A minister, an acceptable one, too, whose first appearance in his State religious body occurred during the past summer, he having arrived in the State but a few months before, had been assigned a place on the programme of exercises. When the time came for his paper, he read it to almost empty benches, and even some among the few present retired during the reading. The subject of the writer was an interesting one and well presented, and should have excited an interesting and useful discussion, had there been enough present to have engaged in it. Another case of the same sort occurred during the same session of the same body. Such conduct, either on the part of ministers or lay delegates, is rank discourtesy and positively unchristian, and accounts to a large extent for lack of interest frequently apparent in religious deliberate bodies. I happen to know that the ministers above referred to, both estimable gentlemen, and earnest and effective workers, felt very much hurt over the manner of the reception of their papers. That there need be no misapprehension as to what religious body is meant in the foregoing remarks, I will say that I refer to the Oregon Congregational Association, which met at The Dalles last June. Brethren, these things ought not so to be.

To-day is a memorable one in the history of this city, and the results to grow out of the influences set at work by the public discussions will be immeasurable and far-reaching. Thirty-two delegates from the National Conference of Charities, lately in session in your city, arrived here yesterday morning. They were shown about the city during the day, and in the evening a mass meeting was held in the Tabernacle, presided over by Governor Pennoyer; and a brief address of welcome given by Rev. Arthur J. Brown, of the First Presbyterian church, who was followed by Rev. T. L. Eliot, who spoke of "Our State Work." He was followed by Rev. H. H. Hart, Secretary of the Minnesota State Board of Charities, Bishop Gillespie and Rev. F. H. Wines. The benediction at the close of the meeting was pronounced by Rabbi Bloch. To-day, in the leading churches the services have been in line with the reformatory work, addresses being delivered by the delegates present in the city. This afternoon a mass meeting will be held in the Tabernacle, also one at same place this evening. Great abuses exist in our State in many directions, and it is hoped that the formation of a State Board of Charities and Correction will be the result of this much-needed agitation. Rev. H. H. Hart gave an excellent address at the First Congregational church this morning, his theme being "Prisons," and his text, Heb. x: 34—"Ye had compassion of me in my bonds." He visited the City and County jails of this city this morning, and gave some account of what he saw, which certainly was an astounding revelation to many of his hearers.

Pastor Clapp and his wife went to Vancouver last Tuesday evening to attend the Y. M. C. A. Convention of the Pacific Northwest. But little has been heard from this meeting as yet, but it is known that it is the largest and most representative gathering of the kind ever held on the Coast, 119 delegates being present. The meeting next year will be held in Portland.

The past week has been one of the most disagreeable weeks of the year. Smoke from adjacent forest fires settled down over the city like a pall, and flying ashes filled the city in every direction; smarting eyes and labored breathing was the heritage of every one. Wednesday morning the smoke and fog were so thick that a building could not be seen across the street. Last evening, however, the pride of Oregon, her copious showers, began descending in a business-like way; and to-day, while it is yet showery, we have pure air to breathe and to see through, and hence are comfortable.

Sept. 22, 1889. GEO. H. HIMES.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

EDITORS PACIFIC: I am glad that this theme was brought before our club, because this gives me occasion to say some things about it a little aside from the usual mode of dealing with it.

First, then, the question is usually wrongly stated. It is almost always put thus: "Shall we men allow women to vote?" This is altogether wrong. The burden of proof belongs on the other side of the question. We ought to ask, "By what right do we men deprive women of the ballot?" and I defy any honest man to answer the question. The only right in the case is might—the same by which the big hogs crowd the little ones out of the trough.

Our forefathers fought and bled and died to prove practically that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and then they and their descendants practice the same tyranny upon their wives, mothers and sisters! "O, consistency, thou art a jewel!" and a rare one at that.

But the plea is often urged, "Women do not wish to vote." One member of the club said, "My wife is the best woman in the world, and she does not wish to vote." Of course not, and neither does she wish to nurse small-pox patients; but suppose you were sick with small-pox, would she refuse to nurse you? Now, our country, which "all the best women" love, is sick with something worse than small-pox. We are slaves to the tyranny of alcohol, and such abject slaves that not a daily paper dares to lift its voice against this vilest, meanest and most destructive of all devils. We are ruled by thieves in legislatures and boards of supervisors and education. Prostitutes and gamblers have more influence with many officials than do our churches. Put the ballot in the hand of woman, and all these evils would be swept away. Woman is more conscientious than man, and let "our best women" see that the salvation of the country demands it, and though they "do not want to vote" they would do it, just as they would nurse their sick husbands and brothers, no matter how unpleasant the task.

But a timid one cries, "If women are to vote, all Dupont street will turn out and overwhelm us." Indeed, they will not. Buckley might possibly hire them to vote, but he would have to pay a bigger price than his "lambs" cost him. No woman can be so bad as to desire to parade her shame. It was said in Boston, "If the women vote the priests will make all the Irish Catholic women go to the polls, and we shall be voted down." But did this follow? No, the women redeemed Boston's schools from the domination of the papacy. And the women must and will redeem our fair land from the tyranny of rum, lust and thieves.

But we are told so sweetly and eloquently that woman's kingdom is the home-circle, and that she can exert a far better influence on politics by training the boys to become good voters than by casting the ballot herself. Now, I would ask, did not every thief in our legislature have a mother? If training boys to be good legislators be woman's best work she is certainly making a terrible failure of it. She cannot do any worse with the ballot itself; better let her try it.

Politics in our land are sinking lower and lower in vileness, and we need woman's aid to save us from utter ruin. More and more, women are being drawn into politics, and in all experiments in this direction results show the wisdom of the change, while woman herself is in no sense degraded thereby. In twelve States of our Union she votes in school matters, and always for good. In one Territory she is accorded equal political rights with men, and the people are so well satisfied with the results that they propose to put equal suffrage in the constitution of their State when organized.

The baby-coddling which says to woman, "Be content with your higher sphere, and let us men do the rough work of voting," is the same as that of the priests who say to the common people, "You cannot understand the Bible—let us interpret it for you." All true men ought to be ashamed of it.

J. ROWELL.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren D. D.

REPORT OF MURPHY'S WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.

Our little society was organized November 25, 1887, with six members; two more were soon added. During the year two removed from town. At our annual meeting two more joined, and three at a later period, while two, our first and second secretaries, were removed by death. We now have *nine* members, though two are non-resident. We have held fifteen monthly meetings, with an average attendance of five members. At the start we found ourselves possessed of but little knowledge of the "wants and needs" of Home Missionary work, and with limited resources from which to gain the necessary information.

It was hard to go to those first meetings, meet those blank faces, and hear them say: "But what can *we* do!" However, earnest and painstaking effort brought to light many useful items which served to stimulate our interest, and in due time much valuable reading was donated by the officers of the State Society. The story of the "Missouri Pelt Fund" found in the May *Home Missionary*, (sent by Mrs. Haven) was *very helpful*.

Our great problem was *how* to raise our share of the money which we learned was greatly needed. It led us often to the throne of grace, for there we were promised a "liberal supply of the wisdom we so greatly lacked." And many a discussion we held over the subject in our little meetings. We were all numbered among the poor of this world, and some were widows, poor indeed. The scriptural system of "laying by in store, on the first of the week, as the Lord had prospered," seemed never to have been learned or practiced by the members, and it took time for them to realize that more than the annual fee would be required of any of us. But the light of God's spirit does shine into every loving heart and then came a *dime* as a monthly offering, which is now displaced by a *quarter*, which is really a *large* amount for some to give.

One member said she would give all the milk she sold, but that supply proved unreliable, and she donated fifty cents a month. Another had a few hens and she set apart "one egg a day," and she said "it was wonderful how her hens continued their contributions in cold weather after the neighbor's hens had stopped."

The monthly donations have been from ten cents to one dollar per month. We began some worsted work and some patch-work, to busy our fingers while listening to the reading, which has not been turned into money. We also took in some sewing for one day.

The little barrels sent us by the Secretary were not put into circulation at once, as we had other barrels in our homes for the parsonage fund. Not all have yet been given out. Amount in the barrels, $2.70; from sewing, 50 cents; milk, $1.50; eggs, $12.75; donations, $21.05; membership fees, $17; total $55.50.

OUR ENCOURAGEMENTS.

We feel glad that even this small amount has been raised by us—we have proved how "blessed it is to give." We are encouraged to think that, in our isolation and poverty, we can be counted in among the workers in the Lord's vineyard, and it cheers and strengthens us to know we are in sympathy with them in carrying the gospel to those who are destitute.

We are encouraged to see a growing interest, the result of more intelligence on the subject and which leads to larger sacrifice in order to give to the cause, and we no longer hear the former plaint, "what can *we* do?"

DISCOURAGEMENTS.

When we consider the needs of our own State, to say nothing of the *whole great West*, and the incoming population who bring no gospel with them, then we are sad that we do *so little* for these perishing souls!

We are discouraged, too, because so few, even of Christians, are willing to identify themselves with the work.

Our own coldness and want of faith disheartens us and we forget that the "silver and the gold are the Lord's" and He can call them forth out of his treasury in His own time.

In closing, let us wish that Mr. Moody's prophecy may find speedy fulfillment, viz.: "that the next ten years will witness a great revival of benevolence, such as was never known before." May the "waste places be built up and the wilderness blossom as the rose."

MRS. C. H. SANGER.
President.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

At the last meeting of the Monday Club, the subject for the day was postponed because of the unavoidable absence of Dr. Barrows, who was to open it. He will present the subject, the "National Convention of Charities and Correction," next week. After reports from the members of last week's work, the Club listened to Rev. M. S. Hartwell, pastor of the First church in Tacoma, upon the condition of our churches and the work of the Master in that rapidly growing city. Rev. E. C. Oakley, formerly pastor of that same church, but now of San Bernardino, made an interesting talk upon the condition of our churches and schools in Southern California. Rev. W. F. Price, who has been supplying the First Presbyterian church in San Jose for the past year, told us of the progress of the good work in that and the other churches in that Garden City. The question of our benevolent contributions through the regularly organized societies, and in response to local and miscellaneous calls, was then raised and presented by Dr. Pond. He stated that in some of the Eastern churches where one dollar is given through the organized societies, viz, as the A. B. of Foreign Missions, the A. M. A., the A. H. M. Society, etc., five dollars is given to miscellaneous calls. He thought there should be a change in this practice there and here; that we should stand by the organized societies, and give our money through them. This subject was passed round, and the readiness with which those present responded showed that it was regarded as a timely and important question. Dr. Pond was asked to prepare an article on the subject for THE PACIFIC. Rev. Mr. Hartwell stated that the Washington General Association desired to arrange so that the annual meetings of the Washington, Oregon, Southern California and our Association should come at the same season of the year, and in convenient order, so that persons here or from the East desiring to visit all these meetings could easily do so. Now all the meetings except our own come in the springtime. Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Chairman of the Club, was requested to present this matter at the meeting of our General Association at Tulare in November. It is certainly very desirable that we should arrange to hold our meetings so that they will follow each other from the north down, or from the south up.

Rev. Dr. Barrows preached in the First church in this city last Sabbath morning from the text Isa. lxii: 1, 6, 7. In the evening he commenced a series of lectures on "the Parables in Modern Light." The one considered was the "Sower and Divers Soils."

Rev. Dr. Pond preached to his people in Bethany church in the morning on "Nazareth as a Picture of Our Own Field."

Rev. Joseph Rowell's subject in the morning was "Christ's Desire for Communion with His People." He reported four conversions at the Bethel during the day.

Revs. W. H. Scudder of Plymouth church and H. H. Wikoff of Green-street church exchanged on Sabbath morning. We would like to report more of these exchanges in pulpit work among our ministers. They are good and pleasant for both pastors and people.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff's theme to his own people in the evening was "Christ Cursing the Barren Fig Tree."

Rev. W. M. Kincaid pastor of the prosperous First Baptist church in this city, was a welcome visitor at the Club. We are always glad to welcome brethren from sister denominations, but especially when they are large, liberal-minded men like our Brother Kincaid.

Rev. Edson D. Hale of Clayton was at the Club; he is enjoying a vacation while his church is undergoing needed repairs.

Rev. Dr. Bothwell and Professor Jones, a seventh-day man, have had a four-nights' debate in Oakland on the question of a Sabbath-Rest law. We have no doubt but that Dr. Bothwell had the best of the argument.

Rev. J. B. Silcox of East Oakland preached on "A Red Light on the Track."

Rev. Anselm B. Brown again supplied Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland.

Rev. W. F. Bickford preached to his people at Lorin on "The Way of the Froward Man in Contrast with the Open-Hearted Christian.

Rev. E. C. Oakley preached at Petaluma; his sermon in the morning was upon "The Sword of the Lord and Gideon."

Rev. W. H. McDougall preached at Benicia. This church has called Rev. E. F. Dinsmore of Shasta county; he is expected to commence his labors with them in October.

Rev. C. H. Cook has returned from his vacation and, preached in his own pulpit at Auburn morning and evening.

Rev. J. S. Voorhees, at one time acting pastor of the Green-street church in this city, was installed pastor of the newly recognized church at Telluride, Col.

Rev. J. A. Jones had a good day at Alila. He reorganized the Sabbath-school, and preached in the evening to a good and attentive congregation on "The Song of Moses and of the Lamb." "The heat has been 108 degrees since I returned, but the weather is cooling now considerably. I had a Catholic brother to listen to me for the first time since I came to Alila. Some of my friends have just returned from Tulare Lake, which has receded about six miles this summer. The rush is there just to take up the beautiful level land left dry by the receding of the water. They can sow wheat on it without plowing the ground. The impressions are that the whole lake of Tulare will soon dry up."

The ladies of the church at Redwood held a fair on the evenings of September 3d, 4th and 5th, at which they cleared a little over $500.

The Welch Congregational Union met August 19–23 at Bethesda. Six hundred churches are represented in the Union.

Rev. R. J. McIntosh, the Presiding Elder of the Zion Methodist Conference, occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church of San Jose Sabbath morning; preaching by the pastor in the evening.

It is intended that the General Association at Tulare in November shall have at least one meeting in the direct interest of the Y. P. S. C. E.

The indications are that the growth of the Christian Endeavor movement will be more rapid the coming year than in any previous year of its history.

Rev. P. S. Knight, of Salem, preached morning and evening, Sunday, September 15th, to the Congregational church at Eugene, Oregon. On that day a Sunday-school and also a Y. P. S. C. E. were organized. This church, organized last June, holds its Sunday services in a public hall. The regular weekly prayer and social meetings are held at the homes of the different members. A Ladies' Aid Society has been formed and is already busy at work. No regular pastor has yet been employed, but Mr. Knight comes up and preaches every two weeks. The members are all enthusiastic over their church, and hope soon to buy a lot for their church building, though it may be a long time yet before they are able to erect the building.

COM.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

METHODIST—Dr. M. C. Briggs has been assigned to Pacific Grove for the coming year, and will enter upon his duties next Sabbath. A reception will be given him on Wednesday evening. Dr. Sinex, the retiring pastor, has entered upon his duties as Superintendent of the P. I. Co. here. Mrs. Gulick, a former missionary among the "islands of the sea," heartily interested all who listened to her Sabbath afternoon in her account of the early labors of the missionaries, and the success which crowned their efforts.

DISCIPLES—The annual meeting of the Christian churches of California was begun at Ukiah, September 20th, and will continue ten days. Hereafter the yearly meeting will be held at the camp-ground at Santa Cruz.

ROMAN CATHOLIC—Churches are going up in all the promising towns of Oklahoma.

METHODIST SOUTH—On Monday, at Fresno, at the Annual Conference of this Church, Bishop Hargrave presiding, made the appointments of pastors to their charges for the ensuing year.

EASTERN.

The lot of the Congregational church at Johnstown has been cleared; it is valued at $5,000, being central and desirable. The church has received a small sum and is much in need of more, to pay for a new building, which should be begun at once.

Rev. Philip Reittinger has been doing good work among the Bohemians at Silver Lake, Wis.

Two churches were organized in the southern part of Box, Butte county, Neb., August 27th.

Twenty-four were added on confession to the church at Amhurst, Me., September 1st. On the same day eight were received into the church at Dayville, Ct., on confession; ten to the church in Burlington, Ct.

A church of thirty has been organized in Guthrie, Oklahoma. That church is in pressing need of a house of worship.

The church at Guilford, Ct., celebrated its 250th anniversary by three days' services, beginning September 8th, in the parent church, and the two in the vicinity that have gone out from it. The churches are Guilford, North Guilford and Madison.

The Union Park Cumberland Presbyterian church in Alleghany City has become Congregational. It has a membership of seventy.

The New York *Independent* of September 12th prints the following paragraph: "This week another Connecticut town is turning back to an equally distant period. Guilford is celebrating the 250th anniversary of its settlement. And well may it commemorate that year, and most of the years in its history since. For Guilford is one of the towns that Connecticut is proud of, and, as everybody knows, Connecticut is a discriminating little State. Two hundred and fifty years! There is really a tinkle of antiquity in the sound. It is worth while, Guilford, to be proud of your deeds and of your years, of your past and of your present; for were not you an independent town in an independent State nearly one hundred and fifty years before the country declared its much-boasted independence? You are a political aristocrat, but nobody resents your pride, or begrudges you the pleasures of reminiscence and self-glorification." Thanks again! The editor-in-chief of THE PACIFIC was born there, and is a descendant, in one line, of the minister who settled there in 1664.

SANTA CLARA ASSOCIATION.

The Santa Clara Association met with the church at San Mateo Tuesday and Wednesday, September 10th and 11th. The following churches reported at the roll call:

San Mateo—Rev. C. R. Hill, Deacons S. G. Goodhue and G. W. Dickie.

Redwood—Rev. L. D. Rathbone, Mrs. S. A. Wentworth.

Pescadero—Rev. D. F. Taylor, Deacon W. D. Thompson and Miss M. D. Leighton.

San Jose—Rev. C. W. Hill, Mrs. Mary Shepherd.

Saratoga—Rev. W. H. Cross.

Santa Cruz—M. Willett.

Soquel—Mrs. L. M. Barnes.

Unrepresented—Gilroy, San Juan, Corralitos.

Deacon W. D. Thompson was elected Moderator.

The reports from the churches were uniformaly good and showed an encouraging growth. Two new stations, one at Campbell's Station, Santa Clara County, the other Ocean View, Santa Cruz County, were added to the Roll of the Association.

Mr. J. B. Hughes, student in the senior year at the Pacific Theological Seminary, was approbated to preach for one year.

The following resolutions of sympathy with Bro. Pascoe in her bereavement, and of respect for Mr. Pascoe, formerly a member of this Association, were adopted:

"On hearing that God has taken from you your dear husband, to that blest abode that he has prepared for those that love Him, the members of the Santa Clara Association of Churches, meeting in session at San Mateo, September 11, 1889, express their heart-felt sympathy to you and your family. Many of the members of this Association were personally acquainted with your dear husband and, hearing the sound of his voice, seeing the gleam of his eye, and feeling the pressure of his hand—moreover knowing the great and good work he has accomplished for Christ Jesus, express to you their admiration of his well-spent life; and their prayers ascend to heaven on your behalf, that He who has taken your husband away will by his divine providence care for you and yours in this moral vineyard in which he has placed you till you arrive at that blest abode where we know your husband has gone, that there you and yours may join with him in the great song of redeeming love."

The meetings of this Association have so far proved to be inspiring, both to the members who have attended and to the churches where it has met. In two respects this meeting was an improvement upon the preceeding ones—in the general attendance of delegates, and in the manner of entertainment. The church provided lunch and dinner in the church parlors—a great convenience to entertained and entertainers; besides it gave an excellent opportunity for mutual acquaintance between the churches.

R. SCRIBE.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Sept. 16, 1889.

Over two months ago I predicted in these columns that as soon as the Milwaukee encampment of the Grand Army had folded its tents, Commissioner Tanner's official head would be in the executioner's basket. The prediction was easy, and its verification surprised no one save, perchance, the Corporal himself, who wept copiously when the President's abrupt demand for his resignation reached him. The Corporal had met his Waterloo at Milwaukee, when the Grand Army refused to make his quarrel theirs.

Viewed from a political, standpoint, the removal of Commissioner Tanner is a heroic measure, the cutting off a limb to save a life. President Harrison recognized three months ago that the Commissioner must go, and used every available means to convince him of that necessity. With an obstinacy characteristic of his inherent indiscretion, the Corporal refused to take the hint, and the kick followed.

It is now stated that Mr. Tanner's friends will demand the publication of the correspondence between Secretary Noble and him, in which his retirement was first suggested. Should this be done, it can only be to the Corporal's additional mortification, as it would undoubtedly show that the charges were based upon the Corporal's incapacity to properly perform the duties of a high position.

President Harrison has only himself to blame for the Tanner trouble, and if any injury is wrought to the Republican party, he alone is to blame. None of the foremost politicians of his party recommended Mr. Tanner's appointment; indeed, they went further, and protested against it. Senator Hiscock, of New York, who, being from the Corporal's own State, might have been expected to enthusiastically support him, would not indorse the nomination after it was made.

Corporal Tanner was simply too small for the position he occupied. His selection was due to sentiment and the idea that it would please the veterans of the Grand Army. It did please them until they discovered his weakness and incapacity; of course, that was enough for them, as the members are too good citizens to want any man retained in office against the best interests of the Republic.

But Mr. Tanner's fall was greatly hastened by his vanity and impertinence. After his selection as Commissioner of Pensions, he tried to avenge himself in petty ways upon the members of Congress who had opposed his appointment. To use his own expression, he "turned them all down." Essentially a vulgar man, he became an abusive one, and in becoming abusive he unfortunately selected the wrong victims. He failed to recognize any power higher than himself. When he found out that the Secretary of the Interior had some authority in matters pertaining to the Pension Office, it only served to raise his ire. He did not know enough to bend to the inevitable; he chose to break. The appointment of a successor to Commissioner Tanner is agitating the public mind. To-day it seems most probable that ex-Congressman Warner of Missouri will be asked to take the place; in fact, he now has the offer under final consideration. He is a man of ability, a lawyer learned in the law, and a man of executive ability. Best of all, from a political standpoint, he is an ex-commander of the Grand Army, and his appointment would heal any wounds in that quarter. The Grand Army could hardly question the removal of one of their commanders on account of manifest incapacity, when one still better liked was selected to succeed him. Mr. Warner's hesitancy to accept the position is due to two causes. In the first place, his income from the bar practice is over $30,000 per annum, and the major part of that would be lost if he accepted the commissionership. In the second place, he is now the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in Missouri. If he should accept a position under Secretary Noble, he would thereby elevate that gentleman to the position he now occupies, and become merely one of his political followers. That would be a calamity to General Warner, and President Harrison may have to look further for a Commissioner.

Hugh J. Grant, Mayor of New York, has admirably succeeded in making a laughing-stock of himself by his letter asking the co-operation of the business men of Washington in securing the location of the "International Exhibition in New York." It was a phenomenal assurance that impelled the writing of such a letter to the people of a city that confidently expects to have the exhibition itself. The amusing thing is that the letter is addressed to the Mayor of Washington. Mr. Grant is not an ignorant, rabid politician; he is an alumnus of Columbia College, a man of travel and attainments. That he should have been ignorant of the fact that Washington has no Mayor and no one official occupying an equivalent office is astonishing.

In many gatherings of Presbyterians this month, held for the study of missionary progress and prospects in Japan, the thought will be suggested of how much more promising the situation might have been had the proposed union between the Presbyterians and Congregationalists in the island empire been effected. We believe the same thought obtains among all the Presbyterians and nearly all the Congregationalists in Japan.—*The Interior.*

Sure enough! Had the Presbyterians grown great by the absorption of all the Congregational churches of Japan into their ample bosom (as the boast was in our State that they would) the Presbyterian prospects might have been more promising; but how about the Congregational prospects—that is, the prospects of those churches that have been doing the best missionary work in Japan for years? In our judgment they would have been seriously crippled or strangled by the so-called "union" process, and the "missionary progress" might have been greatly impeded. The sorrow over the non-effectuation of the proposed "union" is but infinitesimally a Congregational sorrow.

An esteemed subscriber writes: "Allow me to say we enjoy THE PACIFIC very much. It brings us a variety of *good things*; but one article in September 4th (was it?) touched a deep chord in my heart, viz.: the story of the thank-offering by the ladies of Dr. McLean's church, Oakland. Why cannot *all* the churches have thank-offerings, even the small churches, once a year? Then we could bring our thank-offerings of *praise* with sincere hearts. I hope we shall have more reports of the same kind."

The number of converts in the Japan mission of the American Board has increased in fifteen months from 4,226 to 7,098, a gain of 2,867. This is the most remarkable record in any mission connected with the board, with the exception of the great gathering in the Sandwich Islands.

The next annual meeting of the American Missionary Association will be held in Chicago, Ill., at the New England church, commencing at 9 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, October 29th. The Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., will preach the sermon.

A quick-witted Iowa woman, noting the invention of a ballot-box that cannot be stuffed, said: "Now, if some one will invent a voter that cannot be stuffed with beer, brag or bribery, we shall have a long stride toward a better government."

September 2d the American Board closed its financial year. Receipts from donations, $394,994; from legacies, $153,653. These with the income from vested funds will bring up the total income of the society to about $650,000.

The Fish Commissioners intend to turn 1,000,000 young salmon into the river at the Clackamas hatchery next summer.

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Children's Department.

TWO OLD CAT.

Oh, yes, I saw the players and their parti-colored socks,
And the "captain" and the "umpire" and the "pitcher" in his "box;"
They are modern innovations that I noted as I sat
Alone with you. It won't compare with
Two
Old
Cat!

You remember how we played it, Jim, when you and I were young,
And upon the farm together? Why has poet never sung
Of the game of lane and roadway? What can now compare with that?
There is life-blood in the memory of
Two
Old
Cat!

When the odors of the haying sweet and musky made the air,
And crows were cawing far away, and nature's face was fair,
When the corn was waving softly, then the boy with ragged hat
Felt his pulse thrill in the rivalry of
Two
Old
Cat!

Our bats were whittled out of pine, and any size would do;
Our ball of yarn wound tightly round a piece of rubber shoe,
And covered o'er with calfskin tight, and oh, Jehosophat!
How we did welt the whizzing thing in
Two
Old
Cat!

I'm in favor of improvements, but the style of ball to-day
Seems to lack the healthful features of the good, old-fashioned way;
It's complicated to me, and the game those men were at
Wasn't stirring in comparison with
Two
Old
Cat!
—*Chicago Mail.*

MISS PAPA.

Every morning when the miners employed in the mines at Berard assembled around the shaft to answer to the roll-call there could be seen arriving, last of all, a tall, sturdy-looking fellow led by the hand by a little girl seven or eight years old. They were Michel Pierron and his daughter.

Before setting foot upon the platform of the car to descend, the man took the child in his arms and kissed her, and then replaced her on the ground. The little one cried, "Good-by, papa!"

When he was upon the cars she gazed at him with two little anxious eyes, and repeated, "Good-by, papa!"

When the signal for the descent was given she clasped her hands and kept repeating the single word "papa," until she was sure that papa could no longer hear her. Then she went on to the school-house, close by, where she spent the day.

When evening came she was always the first at the opening of the shaft and Michel Pierron was always the first, man who came up. As at his departure, he lifted the child in his arms, and she threw her arms around his neck, crying, "Papa!"

The miners had heard her repeat these two syllables so often, and had been so struck by the strange passion which she put in them, that they gave her the name of Miss Papa.

And certainly no name was more applicable. Her father was everything to her. Her mother had been dead a long time; she had scarcely known her; she had only him. All the memories of her childhood were filled with him. To her his great, rough hands had been gentle as a woman's. For her his hard, grimy face had always worn a tender smile. For her this man had become a woman and child at the same time.

Ah! how she loved her father, and how terrified she was every morning when she saw him descend into that great black hole, of which no one could see the bottom.

One day a miner held her over the mouth of the shaft, and she gazed down into the dark depths. Uttering a cry of terror, she drew back.

"Papa goes down there," she thought. "Oh, if he should never come up!"

And that day, when Michel took her in his arms as usual and kissed her, she clung more tightly than ever to his neck, and said to him:

"You will come up, won't you?"

"Of course, my little one."

"Is there any danger? Tell me, papa. Does any one—can any one—die down there?"

"Have no fear," replied Michel, laughing; "I will not die without letting you know."

"Ah! Good-bye, papa."

All that her father said was gospel truth to her, and she went to school completely reassured.

But the memory of that black gulf into which her eyes had plunged could not be effaced, and from that time she was afraid every morning and trembled every evening; she feared that her father would never return from those mysterious depths into which she had seen him descend.

Was it a presentiment? Who knows?

One day the report suddenly spread that an explosion had occurred in the mine. In a moment's time a crowd had gathered at the shaft. From all directions people, wild with terror, came flocking to the spot. Of all those buried far below there how many would ever see the light again?

Michel's daughter was at school. She knew nothing of it; and, besides, if any one bad spoken of it before her would she have comprehended?

Could she know, poor little one, what an explosion was? No. But at her age one already knows what death is; one understands, at her age, when one sees inanimate, mutilated bodies extended upon the ground; and the approaches to the shaft were strewn with them when she arrived that evening to meet her father.

She was stupefied for a moment, and then the truth suddenly flashed upon her; those men whom she knew well, who had kissed her many a time; and now they were brought up dead. Would they bring up her father like them?

This thought distracted her. She began to run wildly among the debris which they had brought up from the mine, crying: "Papa! papa! papa!"

There were, it is true, many others, who cried and who called "Papa!" but not one in such despairing accents. The others they drove back; but no one could be found to push her away. They let her run, poor child, from one body to another, sometimes stopping before a disfigured face, hesitating for a moment as if she feared she might recognize her father.

No, he was not among the dead. She grew calmer, and sought among the living. He was not there. She questioned every one, but no one had seen him.

Of the sixty miners who went down in the morning, forty-five had come up alive; fourteen were dead. There remained but one to account for; that one was Michel.

She had made them explain all that to her, and she understood. She clapped her hands joyously, as if they had said to her: "He is all right. You will see him again." Ah! how she hoped to see him. Then she suddenly recollected the morning on which her father had said to her:

"I will not die without letting you know."

It needed only that to give her the certainty that he was living.

A child's faith is strong. It is not easy to drive out an idea which has once taken root in their minds. So, when the next morning—she had remained there all night—they tried to make her understand that there was no hope; that she would never again see her father; that they had explored all the galleries, searched every corner and had not found him, she shook her curly head and began to weep, saying, "Seek for papa!"

They paid little attention to her. For forty hours had they not exhausted every means? There was doubtless something strange in his disappearance. Living or dead Michel ought to have been found, and they had not found him.

The chief engineer had himself directed the search; but all in vain. In the opinion of all, nothing more could be done, and it was possible that, by the force of the explosion, the unfortunate man had been buried by the falling debris, and it was impossible to tell where or how.

For forty-eight hours little Miss Papa waited anxiously, but without manifesting the slightest uneasiness. At every human form which appeared at the opening she started forward, and, not recognizing him whom she awaited, she sank back upon the ground with a deep sigh. They tried to take her away, and she uttered such piercing cries that they considered it best to leave her there. They thought that she must soon yield to fatigue.

Whence comes to the weak and feeble such strength in the great crisis of life? Ask God; it is his secret.

The third day the child was still at the shaft.

"I must put an end to this," said the chief engineer approaching her.

"Come, my little one, be reasonable."

"Papa! seek for papa!"

"Your papa is dead."

"No."

She uttered this "no" with such energy that the engineer was struck by it.

"Why do you say 'no'?" he asked.

"He would have told me."

"Poor litttle one," murmured the engineer.

And he made a sign to the men to take her away. But she clung desperately to him, crying:

"Papa is not dead. I want to go down. I will find him!"

They bore her away and left her with the school-teacher. An hour later she was back at the shaft, and, clinging to the engineer's knees, she kept repeating:

"I want to go down. I will find him!"

He was a tender-hearted man, that engineer, and he took pity on her.

"After all," he said to himself, "that will, perhaps, be the best thing. When she has seen with her own eyes she will believe. This excitement, if it lasts much longer, will kill her."

And, taking her in his arms, he bore her to the cage and gave the signal to descend.

She shuddered when she felt beneath her that yawning pit from which arose a foul air which almost suffocated her. The engineer felt her little arms inclose his neck, and her curly head was pressed against his own.

When they reached the bottom she disengaged herself, sprang to the ground, and rushed straight forward, calling:

"Papa!" "Papa!"

The engineer, who could hardly keep up with her, was tired of explaining to her twenty times what he had already explained—how the explosion had taken place, where it had occurred, and what they had done to find the victims; and the child kept questioning him, and repeating:

"He is living! Seek for him!"

She would have remained down there in the mine three days, as she had already done at the surface, if they had not taken her by force and carried her up.

The engineer gave orders that she should be taken back to the school-teacher, and also orders that if she reappeared at the shaft she should be prevented from going into the mine.

All his measures had been carefully taken, and the next day, no longer thinking of her, he was inspecting one of the galleries when he felt himself seized by the arm of his coat. It was Miss Papa.

She had escaped from the school a second time. Repulsed a the shaft, she had slipped into the empty coal car and had thus descended into the mine.

She told this to the engineer and obtained his pardon. Five minutes later she began the search, still full of undiminished faith. The miners followed her with pitying eyes, shrugging their shoulders, saying:

"Poor little Papa!"

Little Papa kept on seeking with unabated courage. Suddenly they saw her running toward them, pale and excited.

"Down there!" she gasped. "Down there! Papa!

"What? Down there?" said the miner.

"His blouse!"

"Bah! Where?"

"Down there!"

In a moment every one had heard the news and the mine was in a tumult. The child declared that she had seen a piece of blue cloth in a hole, which she could not raise, because it was held down by an enormous block of coal.

"Where?" they asked her again.

She turned, followed by the crowd of miners. Then she stopped and hesitated.

She could not find the spot. All the blocks of coal resembled each other; all the cavities were alike; all the galleries were the same. And yet she was sure she had seen the piece of blue cloth.

One by one, tired of the useless search, persuaded that the poor girl was crazed by grief, the men withdrew and returned to their work. But they had hardly taken up their pickaxes, when a loud cry recalled them to the child.

"I have found it! I have found it!"

They pushed her aside and looked. Yes, it was a piece of blue flannel. It was a blouse! There was a man there!

They set to work with a will, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the wall was beaten down, and in a deep excavation they saw a man extended; It was Michel Pierron. He had been there three days and four nights.

Loud cries arose on all sides, and, ringing aloud above the others, a cry escaped from the lips of the child. She threw herself upon the body and clasped it in her arms, half mad, weeping and crying:

"Papa! papa!"

He was nearly dead, poor Michel! Exhausted by lack of air and nourishment, he recovered consciousness only to sink back fainting; but he was alive.

Miss Papa had told the truth. The man would not die without telling his child, and the thought of her had sustained him and given him strength to oonquer death.

A week later he was out and ready to recommence his work.

On the evening of the day before that on which he was to return to the mine, a grand banquet was given by all the miners to Miss Papa. A loud hurrah and wild applause greeted her when she entered, holding on to Michel's hand. There were kisses given, shouts of bravo and wild huzzas in honor of the little queen.

And do you know what she replied to all this, smiling and clapping her little hands?

She replied, "Papa."

It would be difficult to describe how and in what tone she uttered that one word. But all those brave fellows, whose eyes had hardly ever known a tear, will tell you that they wept that night.—*Exchange.*

An Eastern paper tells us of a pretty and talented girl who had completed her school course with credit, and by reason of rather special talents has received more attention and admiration than falls to the lot of most girls, was asked the other day how she was enjoying her vacation.

"Oh, I'm enjoying it very much," she answered, brightly. "I'm doing the housework and letting mother have a little rest."

"Your mother is away on a vacation, then?" was the natural question.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "she's at home, but I'm giving her a chance to rest in the morning, and to dress up and sit out on the piazza when she feels like it. I think it will do her good to have a little change."

"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?" Little Charlie: "I love papa most." Charlie's mother: "Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you; I thought you loved me most." Charlie: "Can't help it, mamma; we men have to hold together."—*Texas Siftings.*

Tommy: "Mamma, why did they put Monday next to Sunday?" Mamma: "Don't trouble me now, dear; I'm sure I don't know." Tommy (after a pause): "Was it because cleanliness is next to godliness?"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*

He who gives not to him who wants will not receive himself when he wants.

HUM-UM-UM.

Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee;
"Oh! hurry here and see, and see,
The loveliest rose—the loveliest rose
That in the garden grows, grows, grows.
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,"
Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee;
Much honey must be here, and we
Should beg a portion while we may,
For soon more bees will come this way.
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,"
Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:
"The rose is not for me, for me,
Though she is lovelier by far
Than many other flowers are.
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,"
Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee.

Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:
"No honey-cup has she, has she.
But many cups all brimming over,
Has yonder little purple clover,
And that's the flower for me, for me.
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,"
Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee.
—*Margaret Eytinge, in St. Nicholas.*

PRINCE HARU.

When he was only seven years old Prince Haru had an unexpected wrestling match with a small American boy of his own age. It was at a school entertainment in Tokio, and it began by Prince Haru's noticing that the young American kept on his Tam o' Shanter cap in the princely presence.

"Go and tell that boy to take off his hat!" ordered the small prince to his aide-de-camp.

Before the officers could reach the offender, the insulted princeling slipped from the chair, strode down, and knocked off the hat with his own hand. Young America never stopped to think who the aggressor was, but struck back, and in a few minutes the future Emperor and one of our future Presidents had clinched, and were slapping and pounding each other in the most democratic manner. The horrified nobles of the prince's suite and the frightened parents of the young American separated them, and led them apart, neither combatant feeling any regret for what he had done.

"That boy slapped me first, when I wasn't doing anything to him!" persisted the young American, whose parents were almost expecting to be arrested or beheaded for the unprecedented treatment of such a sacred being as the Imperial Crown Prince.

"I have punished that boy for his impoliteness in wearing his hat in my presence," said the pompous princeling, frowning at his suite, tightening his little sword-belt and strutting up and down like a young game cock.

The tableaux and exercises went on quietly after that prelude, and when supper-time came, Prince Haru was seen eating pink and white ice-cream elbow to elbow with his late opponent, and gallantly feeding his own sponge-cake and *eclairs* to the opponent's pretty little yellow-haired sister. — *From "Yoshi Hito, Haru No Miya,', by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, in St. Nicholas.*

GOOD MANNERS.

There is a quiet charm in well-mannered children that everybody recognizes. "Such well-behaved children," everybody says. They have been taught to be respectful, polite, courteous. When you come across an ill-mannered group, who make themselves generally disagreeable, you go away muttering, "What a lot of young savages! What foolish people their parents are to permit such rowdyism! These rude young fellows who can't answer a question politely are sure to turn out ill, unless they mend their way." Yes, be sure of it, they get their tone under the roof-tree, and it is a low tone and a rude tone and an insolent tone. It maintains its harshness after they go out into the world. Manners and morals are closely allied. If home and school education have failed to mould and guide them, then even though, as the result of six' years' drilling, the much-lauded three R's are at their tongue's ends and finger tips, the result of all this minute training for life purposes is almost *nil*. It is culpable folly to send them adrift with boorish manners. By unwearied training and tact, give them the right tone. —*Exchange.*

A little girl was anxious to be of service to some one. She asked her teacher what she could do.

"You could bring your father to Sunday-school."

The father was a drunkard and very profane. He had never been to Sunday-school. At first the girl's efforts were unsuccessful. She could not even get him to the door of the little log-house where the school was kept. She quietly and kindly persevered. At last the father joined the school.

"What is the result?" asked Mr. Moody, as he told the incident to illustrate that the weakest might do good service. "The father has planted 1,130 Sabbath-schools."

A lady was very poor. She was sad because she had no money. Sometimes she cried about it. One day her little girl said to her: "Mamma, is God dead?" "No, my dear." "Don't he know how to help any more?" "Yes, dear, he does, and I will trust him," said mamma.

"Nellie, what do you do when you feel cross and naughty?" asked a lady of a little girl five years old. "Shut my lips and eyes tight, and think a little prayer to Jesus to come and make me feel right."

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"In May last, my youngest child, fourteen months old, began to have sores gather on its head and body. We applied various simple remedies without avail. The sores increased in number and discharged copiously. A physician was called, but the sores continued to multiply until in a few months they nearly covered the child's head and body. At last we began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a few days a marked change for the better was manifest. The sores assumed a more healthy condition, the discharges were gradually diminished, and finally ceased altogether. The child is livelier, its skin is fresher, and its appetite better than we have observed for months."—Frank M. Griffin, Long Point, Texas.

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Miscellany.

SUNDAY REST.

There are two solid grounds on which Sunday laws rest: one, the right of the prevailing religion of the country (be it Jewish, Christian or pagan) to have its day of worship free from disturbance: and the other, the right of every man to an equal share in a rest-day from toil.

As regards the first, if this country were a Jewish country the Jewish worship on Saturday should be peculiarly protected from molestation. If it were a Mohammedan country, the Friday should be in like manner protected. This is simple common sense applied to these things as they are, and no action of doctrinaire theory. Where there is a conflict of sacred days, as among Jew, Christian and Mohammedan, all cannot be protected, and hence the majority must determine the question. This certainly distinguishes the sacred day, but does no harm to those who do not count it sacred. It only obliges them to be courteous. The inequality in the matter is only such as in some things must obtain among the freest people.

As regards the second ground: physiologists, physicians, statisticians, and sensible observers in general, have agreed that man's body and mind need a complete rest at an interval of about seven days. But man will not take that rest from labor unless he is obliged by law to do so. His greed for gain will make him ruin health in his own case, or (worse still) make him force his employees to ruin theirs by continuous work. The law, therefore, must make and enforce a rest-day. But what day shall it take? Again common sense says, "Take the day which the majority of the community, from religious reasons, already regard as a rest-day." So the civil law, providing for man's physical well-being, appoints and enforces a rest-day from labor, which is the same day on which all the Christian community worship, and on which the civil law, for other reasons, protects them in worshiping.

There is the whole of the Sunday question in a nut-shell. There is no compelling men to be religious or supporting a State Church, no puritanical bigotry. The Jew, or Mohammedan, or Pagan simply must not make a boisterous demonstration, such as the parade on Sunday. Why? Because the vast majority of the people see fit to worship on that day. The Jew, or Mohammedan, or Pagan must not keep open shop that day. Why? Because the people have decreed a rest-day from labor once a week to help humanity, and that is the day.

The only objection that has any color in it is that the Jew then must keep two rest-days in the week, and hence is at a disadvantage with his neighbor. Well, as we have already said, in the most equal administrations, there must, in the nature of things, be some inequality. Laws, for example, require a notice of "danger" to be put up in dangerous places in the city; but, alas! blind men cannot read the notices. The laws are equal to the blind man. They have to be. So here the Jew's conscience tells him to keep from working Saturday. The law tells him to keep from working Sunday. It is a pity; but it cannot be helped. The other alternative would be "no rest-day," and that would be destructive to the whole community. We must all bear some burdens for the public good.

Our American liberties are largely connected with the weekly day of rest. This day has given the people time to think, and read, and enjoy family life, and without it we should have become an ignorant, brutish, machine people, like the low peasantry of Continental Europe. Take away this rest-day, and you undermine our high moral and educational condition as a people. You turn us into a nation of mere "workies."

The cry of religious oppression, as against Sabbath observance, is a device of the enemy. It is but the voice of soulless corporations and of the proprietors of drinking-saloons and other demoralizing places, who wish to make their great gains on Sunday, and care nothing for the welfare and happiness of the people. They are the oppressors, and the advocates of a day of rest are the supporters of a true freedom.

America has three bulwarks of liberty—a free ballot, a free school and a free Sunday, and neither domestic treachery nor foreign impudence should be permitted to break them down.—*Century Magazine.*

THE EXTINCTION OF LEISURE.

"Millions for enterprise; for thought not a penny," should be inscribed over the doors of our state-houses and our national Capitol. The enticing of men and women into ways of expending their energy or the fruits thereof is become a fine art. Seclusion is departed from the world. The emissaries of traffic invade our homes, beset us upon the road, and lie in wait for us at our places of resort. Though we flee to the desert they are there, nor is refuge from them to be found on the tops of mountains or in the islands of the sea. Whoever would keep even with the world by limiting his wants is regarded as a shirker of his duty.

The sum of modern ethics is contained in the word *do*. Do that which is good if you can, but rest assured you shall be pardoned for doing evil more readily than for doing nothing.

Even when applied to the main chance, if men did but know it, leisure is often the best of investments. Nothing can be more useful to a man than the determination not to be hurried.

The popular idea that a man's prosperity or usefulness depends upon the amount of his business is not a correct one. Here, as everywhere else, quality counts for more than quantity.

The most successful man is not he that is always doing. Ask an old merchant how to succeed and he will tell you: "Do not try to do too much."

We make merchandise of ourselves in order to satisfy our constantly expanding volume of want—the measure, as we are told, of civilization. The more wants we are unable to refuse, the more civilized we become. If this be civilization, let us go back to barbarism at once. We are a richer and a busier people, but we are politically, industrially, and socially a less independent people than were Americans of two generations ago. Leisure is necessary to democracy. With no leisure there can be no intelligence, and without intelligence democracy cannot exist.—*Alfred H. Peters in Forum.*

AN ANECDOTE OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

Seeing a story about old Stephen Girard, the other day, reminded me of an incident that shows one of his peculiarities. Girard had a drayman who was a decidedly poor man. One day the drayman, who was an industrious, bright fellow, with a good many mouths to fill at home, was heard to remark that he wished he was rich. "What's that?" sharply said Girard, who heard the grumble. "Oh," said the man, "I was only wishing I was rich." "Well, why don't you get rich?" said the millionaire, harshly. "I don't know how without money," returned the drayman. "You don't need money," said Girard. "Well, if you will tell me how to get rich without money, I won't let the grass grow before trying it," returned the other. "There is going to be a shipload of confiscated tea sold at auction to-morrow at the wharf; go down there and buy it in and then come to me." The man laughed. "I have no money to buy a shipload of tea with," he said. "You don't need any money, I tell you," snapped the old man. "Go down and bid in the whole cargo and then come to me." The next day the drayman went down to the sale. A large crowd of retailers were present, and the auctioneer said that those bidding would have the privilege of taking one case or the whole shipload, and that the bidding would be on the pound. He then began the sale. A grocer started the bidding and the drayman raised him. On seeing this, the crowd gazed with no small amount of surprise. When the case was knocked down to the drayman the auctioneer said he supposed the buyer only desired the case. "I'll take the shipload," coolly returned the successful bidder. The auctioneer was astonished, but on some one whispering to him that it was Girard's man who was the speaker, his manner changed, and he said he supposed it was all right. The news soon spread that Girard was buying tea in large quantities, and the next day the price rose several cents. "Go and sell your tea," said Girard to the drayman, the next day. The drayman was shrewd, and he went out and made contracts with several brokers to take the stock at a shade below the market price, thereby making a quick sale. In a few hours he was worth $50,000.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE LOST HEART.

I knew a man who lost his heart. His wife had not got it, and his children had not got it, and he did not seem as if he had got it himself. "That is odd!" say you. Well, he used to starve himself. He scarcely had enough to eat. His clothes were threadbare. He starved all who were around him. He did not seem to have a heart. A poor woman owed him a little rent. Out she went into the street. He had no heart. A person had fallen back a little in the payment of money he had lent him. The debtor's little children were crying for bread. The man did not care who cried for hunger, or what became of the children. He would have his money. He had lost his heart. I never could make out where it was till I went to his house one day, and saw an iron safe; it stood behind the door of an inner room; and when he unlocked it with a heavy key, and the bolts were shot and the inside was opened, there was a musty, fusty thing within it, as dry and dead as the kernel of a walnut seven years old. It was his heart. If you locked up your heart in an iron safe, get it out. Get it out as quickly as ever you can.—*Spurgeon.*

SLANDEROUS REPORTS.

A good brother asked us recently how slanderous reports originated. There may be various ways, but the following is one way: Men who have no principles themselves and who never act without some interested motive, cannot understand how other people can have principles and act with disinterested motives. So when a man of principle does something an unprincipled man does not like, he at once begins to imagine the motive that would have influenced him had he acted thus, and proceeds to charge that motive on the other party. Never acting from principle himself, it never occurs to him that the other man might have acted from principle. The man who attributes mean motives to others is by that very fact convicted of himself acting from mean motives. "It is characteristic of virtue to believe in virtue."—*Western Recorder.*

LITTLE FOXES.

Robert Burdette, well known as a humorist, sometimes appears in the *role* of a sermonizer, and the following is a good sample of his style of "preaching." The subject of the discourse is "Little Foxes":

"There are a thousand foxes to one lion, and it is hard work to watch them all the time, but eternal vigilance is the price of a good character, and

'Evil is caused by want of thought
As well as want of heart.'

"It would be easier to be a martyr, and go down to the block or the stake, and have one's head cut off or to be burned to a crisp at once and be done with it, than it is to endure eight or ten years of rheumatism. So much the more honor to the patient victims of rheumatism than to the martyrs. I know it is easier to be President of the United States, and be a good President, too, than it is to go to sleep with the earache, or with three small mosquitoes in the room which have made up their minds to a horrible repast of human blood. I know—out of the breadth and depth of my own experience, I know whereof I affirm—I know it is an easier matter to edit a newspaper than it is to put a baby to sleep when the baby isn't feeling particularly sleepy just then.

"I know little trials are the hardest; the little temptations are the strongest. The man who would scorn to steal a horse, will swear a little sometimes. The man who could not be hired to forge a note, will sometimes help to circulate a campaign lie. The man who will not commit murder, will occasionally scold his wife; and the man who scorn to lie, under any other circumstances, can't be trusted in a horse trade. It is easy for an honest man to refuse a bribe; it is hard for the same man to tell the truth about the size and number of trout he caught. It is comparatively easy to obey the big commandments; its the finer meshes of the little net that will entangle so many of us. Dearly beloved, don't try to be heroes, then. Don't aim to be wingless saints. Don't aspire to the distinction of martyrdom. Try to be good, everyday, honest Christian men and women, and see if you have not your hands full. Don't waste your time lion-hunting, the lions never hurt anybody; 'take us the the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.'"

NEARING THE HARBOR.

I remember on one return voyage from China in a sailing ship, as we were about to enter the harbor at New York, I had blacked my boots and changed my dress to go ashore, when there came a head-wind and drove us out to sea, where, during four days, we were baffled by storms and tossed by the billows in a more furious and frustrating manner than we had been dnring the whole voyage from the other side of the world.

Thus it is when a man is just about to enter the portals of peace Satan raises all the head-winds of doubt and storms of temptation at his command, and if he can't sink the ship just at the mouth of the harbor, he will frighten the poor souls on board with threateniugs of *lost*, and lead them in anguish to cry to the pilot for help. And the longer the voyage and the more prominent the service of the passenger, the more thick and thundering the assailants from the fiendish foe.

In a battle between two contending armies, the sharp-shooter who can see a man wearing a feather or epaulettes, will point at that figure and pick him off if he can. So the enemy of all righteousness, if he can find some one promoted, either justly or unjustly, will strive either to foul his plumage or fell his person. The king is in greater danger from the assassin than is the beggar, and the man upon his knees has no fear to fall, while the one at the top of the ladder is endangered by his giddy height.

Though Satan can never rob a Christain of his crown, yet such is his malice that he will tempt, in order to spoil him of his comforts. The aged who have lost the freshness and flower of youth, the pleasures of work and the stimulus of wealth in the strength of manhood, wanting all these are happy with Christ alone; but having all these and more, if wanting Christ, they are miserable.—*Standard.*

HE HAD LOW WAGES.

The following incident occurred at Bridgewater, N. Y. A young man was asked to attend a temperance meeting on a Sabbath evening, and his reply was:

"My clothes are not good enough to attend church. My wages have been small this year, and I must have them raised another year, or I shan't work for my present employer."

"How much are you receiving this year? You are working on a farm?"

"Yes; and I get two hundred dollars for nine months, and my board."

"When is your time out?"

"It will be out in two weeks."

"How much money will you have coming to you then?"

"Not anything. I have drawn more than my pay now."

"How much of the two hundred dollars have you spent for clothing?"

"Not quite forty dollars."

"Have you any beside yourself to support or care for?"

"No, sir; I am for myself."

"What has become of the one hundred and sixty dollars?"

"W-e-l-l—I've spent it."

"Oh, you have. Did you put it out at interest? You don't seem to have any great desire to tell where it did go, do you? Well, let me tell you. In June you drew twenty dollars and went up to Utica to a circus. You got drunk, and bet on a three-card monte, lost all you had, got into a fight, got whipped, put into the lockup (the man who gets whipped is always the one who gets locked up) and in the morning the recorder fined you ten dollars. Is this true?"

"Yes, sir; but how did you find it out?"

"That don't matter. It seems they did not leave you anything. When the races were at Utica you drew twenty dollars more, and went there. You drank freely; you were just full enough to be on the slow horse, and lost all you had. You had another fight, and, as usual, received a sound thrashing; was taken before the recorder, and for a second offense paid twenty-five dollars fine. You did not even profit from this transaction. You went to a hop dance; whiskey was plenty, and you partook freely. You imagined some one insulted you, and the result was a general row. This cost you twenty-five dollars more, besides the cost of court and the paying of your lawyer. I should think you would want your wages raised."

"I can see it all. What a fool I am! Why, I have worked five years for my present employer, and have not laid up a cent. I have worn poor clothes; have found fault because my pay was small. If it had not been for drink, I should now have five hundred dollars at interest, should be well dressed, and respected by honest people. I will be at the meeting just as I am, and sign the pledge for life."

He kept his word. He took his pledge that night. He has been true to it, and is now one of the leading men of Oneida County.

Young man, can you see yourself in this picture? If you can, heed the truth, and be made better by correcting your mistaken way of living.—*The Rechabite.*

PERSONAL WORK.

On a cold winter evening I made my first call on a rich merchant in New York. As I left his door, and the piercing gale swept in, I said, "What an awful night for the poor!"

He went back and bringing me a roll of bank bills, he said, "Please hand these for me to the poorest people you know."

After a few days I wrote to him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added, "How is it that a man so kind to his fellow-creatures, has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse him his heart?"

That sentence touched him to the core. He sent for me to come and talk with him, and speedily gave himself to Christ. He has been a most useful Christian ever since. But he told me that I was the first person who had talked to him about his soul in nearly twenty years. One hour of pastoral work did more for that man than the pulpit effort of a lifetime.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

The New York *Independent* has published its annual exhibit of the condition of the churches, their growth, etc., brought down to the present time. In 1888 its grand total of seventeen denominations was: Churches, 138,885; ministers, 94,457; communicants, 19,790,383. In 1889 the total stands: churches, 142,767, ministers, 98,322; communicants 20,667,383 Joining in one the various branches of Baptists, Presbyterians, etc., the present total number of communcants is Methodists 4,723,881; Roman Catholics: (estimated) 4,438,019 Baptists, 4,078,589; Presbyterians, 1,180,113; Lutherans, 988,008; Congregationalists, 475,608; Episcopalians, 459,642. As to polity there are 9,433,196 members of prelate churches; 4,928,619 of the Congregational, and 2,888,228 of the Presbyterian polity. The Unitarians have 381 churches against 375 in 1888, while the Universalist churches have decreased from 730 to 721.

That which does not interest a man seldom profits him. You may preach the truth to a man, but unless you can in some way interest him in it, it is not likely to do him much good. Here is where many ministers fail. They preach the truth, but they throw no charm around it by which to attract attention, and lead to a consideration of its claims. But here is where Paul excelled. He became all things to all men, that he might save some. He adapted himself to circumstances, and to men's individual peculiarities, so as to gain their attention and interest them in the truth. A minister should give some attention to manner as well as to matter. His matter may be excellent, but his manner may be so forbidding as to render the truth as delivered by him unattractive, and, consequently, ineffectual. You must in some way interest people, if you would save them.

A man said to me the other night: "Jones, I would't have missed your sermon for $10," and yet, when the plate was passed around that man put in a copper cent.—*Sam Jones.*

"Are you a marrying man?" was asked of a sober-looking gentleman at a recent uptown reception. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "I'm a clergyman."

It am powerful easy to discriminate between a wise man an' a fanatic. De wise man belongs to our party; de fanatic, to de opposishun.

The success of the wicked is a temptation to many.

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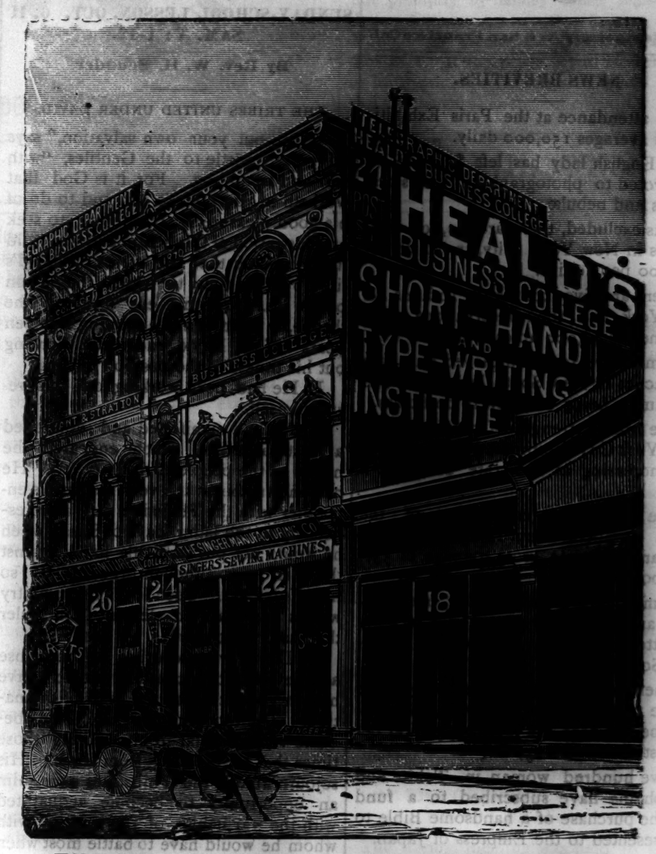

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NEWS BREVITIES.

The attendance at the Paris Exhibition still averages 150,000 daily.

An English lady has left $50,000 to be devoted to photographing the stars, planets and nebulæ.

Flats excluded, there are 32,390 tenements in New York City, in which 1,100,000 people live.

There are five thousand Indians in New York, and their reservations comprise nearly 88,000 acres of land.

Camels are to be employed on a line of coaches in New South Wales, the sultry climate being very severe on horses.

The voting strength of the Italians in New York City is estimated at 8,000, and it is increasing at the rate of 2,000 a year.

The submarine cable fleet of the world numbers about thirty-six vessels, with an aggregate gross tonnage of 53,802 pounds.

A man named Peter Laing, one hundred and four years of age, was recently admitted to church membership in Elgin, Scotland.

There has been an increase of 30,000 in the population of Denver, Col., during the last year, the total population being estimated at 125,000.

Five hundred woman in Tokio and Yokohama have subscribed to a fund for the purchase of a handsome Bible to be presented to the Empress of Japan.

Hot milk, which was Mrs. Hayes' substitute for liquor when a stimulant was needed, is still a popular beverage in Washington. It is a quick restorative.

Between 15,000 and 16,000 children are lost in London every year, but nearly ninety-eight per cent. of them are restored to their parents through the aid of the police.

The Russian army will soon be provided with breech-loading rifles which will carry a distance of six thousand feet. Noiseless powder will also be used in the future by the army.

Emperor William will visit Athens in October. It is stated that he has dissuaded the Porte from ceding Crete to England, and has advised the Sultan to cede the island to Greece.

According to the most trustworthy estimates, the population of London is now 4,250,000; of this number 900,000, or more than one-fifth, are in receipt of some form of pauper relief.

At sunset in Alaska the next morning's sun is an hour high in Eastern Maine. It can be said of the United States, as it often has been said of England, that the sun never sets on our dominion.

In Baltimore the license fee is only $50, and there are four thousand saloons, many of the saloon-keepers who were driven out of Philadelphia having established themselves in Baltimore.

The largest individual stock-owners in the world are said to be two Texas women. Mrs. Callahan, a widow, owns fifty-thousand sheep, and Mrs. Rogers owns stock to the value of $1,000,000.

Professor Daniel P. Todd, of the Amherst College Observatory, has been appointed chief of a Government party of scientists to observe the total eclipse of the sun in Southwestern Africa, December 22d.

It is claimed that there are in New York City seventy-five Roman Catholic churches, attended by congregations whose total number must be 700,000, and ministered to by three hundred hard-working priests.

Professor William Saunders, horticulturist of the Agricultural Department at Washington, says that the golden rod is his first choice for a national flower, and the sunflower his second. He adds that both are characteristic American plants.

C. P. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific Railway, has subscribed $50,000 for a railway from Congo Falls to Stanley Pool, Africa, 292 miles. This is a project of the King of the Belgians, to which over $4,000,000 has been subscribed.

Queen Christina of Spain has promised her support to the anti-slavery campaign in Africa. The Spanish Society has work near its own doors, as slaves of both sexes are brought from the interior of North Africa and sold in the open markets of Morocco.

The Bible House in New York City is to be made a six-story building, and when so altered will be eighty feet high. Plans have been filed for the alterations. The estimated cost of the change, which will necessitate the rebuilding of the front and rear walls, will be about $100,000.

The decision of the Indiana Supreme Court, that the license-fee exacted of saloon-keepers is not a contract but a tax, prevents those saloon-keepers who took out licenses at the old rate for a year in advance, in anticipation of the high-license law, from claiming contract rights. They will have to pay the increased tax rate from the day when the law became operative.

In 1868, before the newspaper stamp was abolished in Hungary, there were only 120 newspapers and magazines published in the whole kingdom. After the abolition the number of papers rose to 201 in 1873, 324 in 1879, 412 in 1882, 516 in 1886, and now there are more than 600, 267 of which are published in the capital, Budapest.

Sunday-School.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, OCT. 6. II SAM. V: 1-12.

By Rev. W. H. Scudder.

THE TRIBES UNITED UNDER DAVID.

"Work out your own salvation," says the great Apostle to the Gentiles, "with fear and trembling. For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." If we were to seek an illustration of this sentiment, we could find no better than the events of David's life up to the time to which the lesson brings us. With his eye fixed on the throne, by promise and anointing eighteen years before, David had been working out his fitness to the position of king.

I. He had been working out this result himself.

1. He had manifested and developed a great patriotism, which endeared the hearts of the people to him. (v. 1.) He had shown this at the very first in his encounter with the Philistine, but more especially in the latter days of Saul, when he would not put forth his hand against the chief ruler, although urged to do so in self-defense. Such loyalty to country was as important an element in the ruler then as it is to-day.

2. David was securing an immense amount of information that would serve him in good stead as the head of the nation. The topography of the land became very familiar to him during those times that he escaped from Saul. His sojourn among the Philistines gave him an opportunity to become acquainted with the war habits of the nation with whom he would have to battle most when he became the leader of Israel.

3. He was learning the lesson so invaluable to a leader. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." This is the reason that he could mourn for Saul in that matchless bit of verse in the first chapter; could slay the Amalekite who boasted to have slain Saul; and put to death the murderers of Ish-bosheth, his rival to the throne of the united people.

4. David was learning the control of men, and developing those faculties that men instinctively recognize, and admire as *the* qualities that make a chieftain. And all this was done with the fear of the Lord before his eyes. Yet none of it would have brought David to the throne, unless the providential hand of the Lord had been controlling events. The Israelites expressed it exactly in saying (v. 2.) "The Lord said to thee, Thou shalt feed my people Israel, and thou shalt be a captain over Israel." It seemed far from fulfillment when Saul was hunting him as a wild beast in the wilderness, yet that very event served to embolden the Philistines to the battle at Gilboa. The Lord's hand was in the death of all the possible heirs to the throne save one. It was also in that, for David's management of the kingdom of Judah proved to the rest of Israel that he was just the king that they could best unite under. Thus step by step the Lord was working "to will and to do of His good pleasure." The application to the spiritual life is not difficult, yet supremely important. With our mind fixed on the heavenly crown we are let loose, as it were, in life. Its circumstances are the events from which we are to work out our salvation. With what fear do we undertake it, as adverse things fall to our lot. How many times we wonder whether we are not being drifted farther away from the attainment of the crown instead of nearing it. Yet in the midst of it all faith clasps tight the promise and the wisdom of the Father above, and in the consummation of the event we are to learn that He was working through these very events to "will and to do of His good pleasure" and that pleasure is the complete salvation of our souls.

II. The difficult passage contained in vs. 6–8 deserve a passing notice. The Revised Version gives the sense: "Whosoever smiteth the Jebusites, let him get up to the watercourse, and smite the lame and the blind that are hated of David's soul." Cook gives a slightly modifed sense: "Whosoever will smite the Jebusites, let him reach both the lame and the blind, who are hated of David's soul by the watercourse, and he shall be chief." Others propose the change of the Hebrew vowels (supposed to have been due to the error of the copyist), so as to make the verb transitive, and render thus: "Every one smiting the Jebusites let him hurl down the watercourse both the lame and the blind, who are hated of David's soul." The words, "He shall be chief," are not in this passage, but are borrowed from the account in Chronicles, and that seems to give the last translation the preference. The difference in the two translations is apparent. In the one, it is a direction *how* to reach the citadel; in the other, it is the direction how to deal with those who were placed on the walls as a taunt to David. The taunt was much used in ancient warfare, an illustration of which occurs in David's contest with Goliath; others are found in Neh. iv: 3, and the story of the siege of Troy. To understand the force of the present instance, we have to remember that the citidel was surrounded with three walls, and the height from the valleys of the Kedron and Hinnom is estimated by Lieutenant Conder as being from 500 to 650 feet. No wonder that the Jebusites thought the place impregnable, and brought the defenseless to the top of the high wall, as indicative of David's inability to take it. Nevertheless it was taken, leaving us the oft-needed lesson, that the stoutest defense can be overthrown, and that over-confidence is the surest way of inviting the enemy to try his powers to our discomfort, perhaps overthrow.

III. We gather a few thought germs together for development by the teachers.

1. There are ties as close as those of actual relationship binding us to our fellow-men (v. 1), friendship, patriotism, religion.

2. Opportunity will be afforded those who have talents, and use them faithfully in a small sphere, to employ them in a larger (v 2).

3. When we ask King Jesus to reign over us he makes a gracious covenant with us (v. 3.—see Heb. viii.)

4. When God calls us to positions of responsibility let us assume them in his strength, and do our best so long as he sees fit to continue us in them (v. 4–5).

5. The taunts of the enemies of the gospel will not prevent their being overcome by the Captain of our Salvation (v. 6).

6. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall" (v. 7).

7. Stimulation is essential to our putting forth the best efforts, and even the rewards of the future are held out to us as an incentive to engage our energies in the Lord's service (v. 8).

8. It is as essential to fortify the weak places even though it seems as though the citadel is impregnable. Satan will always find the one spot that is unprotected (v. 9.)

9. A man may be prosperous in one sense, and not really prosperous after all—*e. g.*, Dives and the rich fool. But he whom the Lord prospers will be prosperous indeed (v. 10).

10. Nations and their rulers should be on friendly relations for the mutual good of all concerned (v. 11).

11. Many a man is blessed because of his godly companion's sake. Blessed is the man who is blessed for his own, as well as another's sake (v. 12).

12. Jerusalem, as a type of the unregenerate heart before its capture, of the regenerate after.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

THE ROYAL LAW.

REV. M. A. STARR.

The characteristic and fundamental principle of Christian ethics is charity, or evangelical love, which is the love of all men generally in distinction from particular attachment.

Charity divides the law into two classes, the first pertaining to our duties to God, and the second to those due to our fellow-man.

We are taught from the lips of our Saviour that love is the foundation and fulfillment of the whole law, the comprehensive, yet simple principle, which includes all its requirements, and embraces, explains, and fulfills the entire range of duty.

Practical charity, as set forth in the Bible, must therefore be considerate with respect to this essential feature. It is set forth by Christ, condensed into the "Royal Law," the Amazon of ethical philosophy, which receives all the minor currents of duty, and flows on till it mingles its waters with the ocean of Divine benevolence. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." If this law governed men in all their relations to the race, what would be the natural and necessary effect upon society?

Suppose, first, that it had full sway in the widest of these relations, that which regards the whole human family. Benevolence would assume an enlarged and comprehensive form. It would be limited by no sectional or national prejudices. It would select its field of action by no fastidious rules of taste or convenience. Wherever it was most needed, wherever most good could be done, would be the sphere in which it would most delight to operate. Plans of salutary influence would be formed and prosecuted, which would extend beyond the bounds of one's country, would travel over wide seas, and spread knowledge and peace among a people, perhaps on the opposite side of the globe. This would be the effect of evangelical love, for it is the effect which it is now actually producing in missionary enterprises. These benevolent schemes stand forth as the grand visible index of that wide love for the species, which it is the peculiar glory of Christianity to produce and sustain. The Bible is a book of principles chiefly, rather than specific commands. It teaches by example as well as principle. What was enjoined upon Saul of Tarsus is in a very important and true sense enjoined upon all. When the light of God's truth, shining above the brightness of the sun, shall reveal to us the meaning of life in its relations to time and eternity, and when, feeling ourselves blind hitherto to the grandeur of human existence, we shall from the knees of prayer utter the importunate cry, "Lord, what will thou have me do," then the Master will say to us, also, "Be thou a minister and a witness of my truth. Go then unto men, open their eyes, turn them from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God." Saul was to accomplish his mission by preaching the gospel as an apostle of Christ. We are to accomplish ours, some of us, by preaching the same gospel, and others by an equally specific though different avocation. To a believer in revelation, this turning men from the darkness of sin to the light of the gospel subordinates every other duty and is axiomatic. To save fellow-men and induce them to obey the gospel should be the great concern of this life. The command in exceedingly broad, including as it does, our relations to nature, to man, to God. It is reasonable and scriptural.

The end of the law is love, or benevolence, out of a pure heart, and of a conscience unfeigned. Thus saith the Lord. Though ungodly men may denominate it a sickly sentimentalism—this doing good. The death of Christ subjectively viewed is designed in every one who appropriates its treasures of infinite love to purge the heart of selfishness end inspire it with benevolences. "He died for all that they who live should no longer live to themselves, but to him that died for them and rose again."

Here we have the true principles of Christian life—not the inevitable working of a law, but the true inspiration and purpose of a regenerate nature.

"God is love." Love is the gauge of even gospel requirements. The exactest orthodox faith is a mockery unless it "works by love" and just as we learn to apprehend and appropriate the love of God, shown to us in the most wonderful abnegation through Christ, will it constrain us—bear us away with itself—to live not to ourselves. It will become our very life to bless and save others; and where this love is, it will prompt to activity. It cannot be at rest; it will seek out objects on which to spend itself.

The hungry will be fed, the naked clothed, the sick and the prisoners visited, the broken heart will be bound up, the ignorant will be led to the path of truth and peace, the homeless will be housed and sinners that through the broad road will be warned and instructed.

Love will not wait for objects of need to come, but will go out "to seek and save the lost." It will make channels for itself to flow. There is no neighborhood, no heart in this world of sin and suffering in which it may not leave a blessing.

There can be no deeply religious life apart from concern for the well-being of the entire society of which the individual is a unit. As long as the religious life expresses itself in mere self-concern to escape the penalty of wrong-doing, and to secure happiness, it is the very first stage of existence—unintelligent, weak and half-selfish.

The real fullness of personal piety in many professed Christian people results from an unwise care of self. The chief questions asked are those which relate to their own comfort and ease.

When shall I get good? not where shall I do good? The getting good resolves itself in not a few cases into a question as to where the most pleasurable sensations can be obtained, or the most perfect echo of cherished opinions heard at a moderate, very moderate cost.

Not who may lead me into the awful mystery of the death of Christ, that through dying to self I may live to him.

Do the words "a servant of Jesus Christ" convey only the mere fact to us. "A servant of Jesus Christ." What a fact! Only that! Do we know what it is to be "a servant of Jesus Christ?" Let us weigh the words. A servant is a follower. Christ said, "If a man serve me, let him follow me." A follower must know where his master goes. How did Christ walk? "He went about doing good." But, mark, there are different ways of doing that. Let us get at the root of the matter. A certain man who kept all the commandments from his youth up was not following Christ; for when it came to the pinch, he turned his back upon him.

There must be heart following—that is what the Lord means. Followers cannot have a different end in view from that of the person followed. And what was Christ's? "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." Are we servants of Christ after that rule? Can we say my choice lies in this—that it is His will—or, are we, as soon as we set our heart upon one or other particular sort of work or labor, unwilling for him to reverse our arrangements? I fear this is too often the case.

If we would exemplify the "Royal Law" and be in truth servants of our blessed Lord, there is to be our own direct and personal effort. In whatever service a Christian may engage, be it private or public, personal or official, we will have the same warm heart and divine purpose; we will be instant in season and out of season, we will stand up for God and truth and human souls; and we will do this however feeble the apparent result.

True, while we stand up for the truth the devil will tempt; still we are to keep right on, and in patience possess our souls, enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Again, we can partially discharge this duty by giving encouragement to our fellow laborers in the great work. Man is, in this matter, a co-worker with God. We cast the seed into the furrow, God gives the increase. Oh that the personal Christ in heaven, and the future Christ from heaven, may be the master of our entire manhood. As workers in the Lord's vineyard, may we know Christ more intimately, may we crave intensely for a fuller knowledge of Christ, a fuller experimental realization of him, a fuller appreciation of him who "went about doing good." May there be a receiving out of Christ's life into our own—Christ's power into our weakness, Christ's light into our darkness, Christ's patience into our impatience. May there be the longing for a complete fellowship with a living Christ, to the end that we may be upheld in our labors and have the wisdom of Christ to direct us. May the doors of our hearts be kept open so that the Lord may go in and out of his temple, and so like him we will go about doing good.

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Persons intending to visit the Eastern States, on excursions or otherwise, on first or second class, on single or round-trip tickets, or persons desiring information as to routes, etc., should correspond with Rev. F. E. Shearer, D.D., 2 New Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal. For October 1st he has arranged a special excursion to the Grand Conclave of Knights Templars at Washington, D. C. First-class round-trip tickets will be less than second-class rates. Passengers on single-trip tickets for New York and Boston will have ample time to visit Washington city and witness the grand parade of 20,000 Knights. The Pullman cars will be side-tracked in Washington, and can be used by the passengers, thus saving hotel bills. For rates to all Eastern cities write to the address given above, or to Rev. T. H. B. Anderson, D.D., Santa Rosa, Cal. Now is the time to go East.

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